UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO. PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT, CHESNUT STREET.

TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVI. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1845. WHOLE NO. 1230.

Original Poetry.

THE POLISH CAPTIVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Oh, leave to me the prison bar;
Reclaim the captive's chain;
Remove the feet of one in war,
But bid him not again
Sweet Freedom smile! to ladies of light,
Where sunshine gleams like time;
And beauty's grace, no, not less bright
Than rare Hesca shine.

Oh, give me not the gay guise,
To make me true for thee;
For one, and only one,
Most fair in rule from me.
For grief would mingle with the lay,
And tears the strings would stun;
No sweetest sound to frame could stray,
Beneath a captive's chain

I cannot seek the trellised bower—
My soul is still with her:
I cannot bend in passion's hour,
Thy beauty's worshipper
Then leave to me the dungeon bar,
Reclaim the captive's chain
I care for only one star
Song's spirit-weave unchain.

Original Tales.

THE TRIAL OF FAITH.

(CONCLUDED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "FIRST AND SECOND LOVE."

CHAPTER III.

It is a terrible thing to awaken from a glorious dream of fancy, and find the reality a world—cold, dark and cheerless. The young build up many an expectation of future happiness, rendered by a bright flow of their own vivid imagination, and gild the future with a glory which is never realized. But years, as they glide on, bring with their accession of youth, and the fortitude taught by endurance of the many trivial disappointments of life, makes them tranquil, disposed to be resigned. It is only the sudden, overwhelming calamity that prostrates every energy, that bows the very heart, that makes the head old in sorrow, and that comes with a scathing influence. And to Elizabeth Stout, who had buried herself up, as it were, in her own peculiar world; who had just tasted the full cup of happiness, and felt the heart expand within it, that cup was to fall like the barrier of that bright world torn away, the cup of that happiness dashed from her lips, and the glory of that new life to fade and die—was to darken the very sun that shone in Heaven, or to shut out forever the forms from her prostrated gaze, as another light which lent its calm, still radiance,—the light of her faith in God—an overwhelming, unwarning agent, entering and wreathing its firm altar, the immortal soul. Religion, as I have said, had been an incidentum of her earliest years. To Him had never felt its stirring influence, never experienced its power to heal and soothe the heart wounded, as now. Sorrow was a new, unwelcome affection: one would interfere between her spirit and its earnest supplications; and in those moments, she felt that nothing but the strict sense of duty could have restrained her.

> "And never is her suppliant sigh
> Heard from its fall to Him on high,
> Who sees the tear unsoothed on high,
> And numbers every groan."

The din and confusion, the turmoil and excitement of the busy scenes around oppressed her. Reckless, she could not live in the same city in which he dwelt and suffered. She longed for the rest and quiet of her country home. Scarcely recovered from the severe brain prostration, she was unwilling to be present at those gay scenes which so delighted her cousin. She determined to return, and await her parents' pleasure at Fawngrove. The morning of her departure was one of early spring, and her heart felt lighter than she had expected, as the already green meadows, the bursting foliage met her view. The light cared of the birds, too, as they soared aloft in the clear sky, or flew from tree to tree came sweetly on her ear. It was her aunt's carriage in which she travelled, preferring it to the expense of the public route, and her journey was made pleasant by easy passages. She strove to think upon subjects that would divert her own sorrows, as possible—she strove—but in vain, to forget them.

She had left Penn Abby Scott with tears. Despite her outward frivolity, Elizabeth thought she had discovered traces of more enduring qualities in the way of the trials of glad life, so gentle and so beautiful. As the carriage swept away from the door, Abby left her stand by the window, and with a tear in her eye, even while a smile of peculiar meaning hovered over her lip, sought her mother.

"Well, I am off at last, mamma," she exclaimed, sinking into an easy chair, "and really, considering what a dull companion she has become lately, I cannot regret her absence. Still she was a kind, good girl for all."

"Confess, Abby, that she has undergone enough to make any one sad. Only think what a terrible conflict this separation from Nelwin must have occasioned."

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, my child?" enquired Mrs. Scott, some moments afterward, as her daughter remained in a profound meditation, a circumstance most unusual to her.

"Only, replied she, twinging her fingers amid the fair hair that curled over her forehead, and half toying to display her graceful figure to an opposite mirror, "only that poor Lizzy, sensible as she may be otherwise, has to this case, committed a most foolish act. Think of it, and a lunatic, disregarding all the splendor of such an alliance! People talk of morality and all that, but I can tell them, that Elizabeth Nelwin is not to be disregarded in its sake."

* * * * *

It was at the close of a warm, yet lovely summer day. The long shadows of sunset attended the close of the day, and the soft tints of those of the grass and oaks seemed almost interminable, and as their branches swayed with the evening breeze, bright gleams of sunshine streamed in, to relieve their darkness. Over the stately portico that graced the entrance of the mansion, a luxuriant honeysuckle threw its tendrils; while a magnificent prairie-rose, in full blossom, wreathed its masses of leaves and branches around the pillar that supported it on its side. And within the arch of her favorite window, with the white curtains falling like a cloud around her, sat the heroine of my tale, the youthful mistress of that mansion. Months had elapsed since her return, and every evening found her at her favorite spot, where, as a child, she had gamboled; as a girl, she had whiled away many an idle moment; as a maiden, she had passed hours of happiness, and of deep and sad reflection. Deeply treasured, too, that evening, was the peaceful scene that stretched before her view, for this was perhaps the last time she should gaze upon it; the morrow would find her a journeyer towards the distant West, and that beloved old homestead, deserted and forsaken. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart had concluded, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of their married children, to remove to Ohio. Very fare thee, compared to those that drew them to the West, bound them to their old home; and Mr. Stuart had returned alone, in the spring, to make the necessary preparations, and when they were concluded, to bring back his daughter.

Sunset was deepening into twilight. The separate shadows were blending into one tint of grey, and the full moon was rising over the scene, when the sound of a carriage driving rapidly towards the house, broke the silence of the evening. Before Elizabeth could reach the entrance to welcome the new comer, a young lady, light and graceful as a fairy, sprang lightly from the vehicle, and Abby Scott was folded into her cousin's warm embrace.

"This absence is more delightful because it is unexpected, dear cousin," ejaculated Elizabeth. "What fortunate wind can have blown you hither on this quiet old retreat?"

"Do not overwhelm me with questions, Lizzy. Wait till I reach that cozy old window, where I caught a glimpse of you sitting as I drove up—I have volumes to tell you."

"First then," began Miss Scott, sinking languidly into the large arm chair, and twisting a branch of the beautiful prairie-rose into a fantastic wreath around her travelling hat, and then tossing it aside, "I must know about her exquisite fingers as she wore them, and laughing merrily and triumphantly as she looked upon her cousin's face, fear that I have not for a moment to spare, and therefore must proceed at once to the pith of the sting, divesting it of all the mystification that you know I am fond of, I am bound to Mr. Harrington's some half dozen miles distant, I believe, whose daughters and I got acquainted at their own spring to comply with a promise I made her at that time, to pay her a visit of several weeks this summer, and to-morrow is the day for bridesmaid at my approaching wedding."

"Your wedding, Abby! it is not possible!"

"Yes, indeed, nothing more natural—I called for a few minutes on purpose to tell you, as I thought I owed it to our cousinship to bring the tidings myself and in person, in September. Abby Scott will bid adieu to her friends, and be one of those who is bearing me off!—as it were, in her own peculiar world; who had just tasted the full cup of happiness, and felt the heart expand within it, when the veil is to be torn from the barrier that bright world term away, the cup of that happiness dashed from its lips, and the glory of that new life to fade and die—was to darken the very sun that shone in Heaven, or to shut out forever the forms from her prostrated gaze, as another light which lent its calm, still radiance,—the light of her faith in God—an overwhelming, unwarning agent, entering and wreathing its firm altar, the immortal soul. Religion, as I have said, had been an incidentum of her earliest years. To Him had never felt its stirring influence, never experienced its power to heal and soothe the heart wounded, as now. Sorrow was a new, unwelcome affection: one would interfere between her spirit and its earnest supplications; and in those moments, she felt that nothing but the strict sense of duty could have restrained her.

> "And never is her suppliant sigh
> Heard from its fall to Him on high,
> Who sees the tear unsoothed on high,
> And numbers every groan."

The din and confusion, the turmoil and excitement of the busy scenes around oppressed her. Reckless, she could not live in the same city in which he dwelt and suffered. She longed for the rest and quiet of her country home. Scarcely recovered from the severe brain prostration, she was unwilling to be present at those gay scenes which so delighted her cousin. She determined to return, and await her parents' pleasure at Fawngrove. The morning of her departure was one of early spring, and her heart felt lighter than she had expected, as the already green meadows, the bursting foliage met her view. The light cared of the birds, too, as they soared aloft in the clear sky, or flew from tree to tree came sweetly on her ear. It was her aunt's carriage in which she travelled, preferring it to the expense of the public route, and her journey was made pleasant by easy passages. She strove to think upon subjects that would divert her own sorrows, as possible—she strove—but in vain, to forget them.

She had left Penn Abby Scott with tears. Despite her outward frivolity, Elizabeth thought she had discovered traces of more enduring qualities in the way of the trials of glad life, so gentle and so beautiful. As the carriage swept away from the door, Abby left her stand by the window, and with a tear in her eye, even while a smile of peculiar meaning hovered over her lip, sought her mother.

"Well, I am off at last, mamma," she exclaimed, sinking into an easy chair, "and really, considering what a dull companion she has become lately, I cannot regret her absence. Still she was a kind, good girl for all."

"Confess, Abby, that she has undergone enough to make any one sad. Only think what a terrible conflict this separation from Nelwin must have occasioned."

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, my child?" enquired Mrs. Scott, some moments afterward, as her daughter remained in a profound meditation, a circumstance most unusual to her.

"Only, replied she, twinging her fingers amid the fair hair that curled over her forehead, and half toying to display her graceful figure to an opposite mirror, "only that poor Lizzy, sensible as she may be otherwise, has to this case, committed a most foolish act. Think of it, and a lunatic, disregarding all the splendor of such an alliance! People talk of morality and all that, but I can tell them, that Elizabeth Nelwin is not to be disregarded in its sake."

* * * * *

It was at the close of a warm, yet lovely summer day. The long shadows of sunset attended the close of the day, and the soft tints of those of the grass and oaks seemed almost interminable, and as their branches swayed with the evening breeze, bright gleams of sunshine streamed in, to relieve their darkness. Over the stately portico that graced the entrance of the mansion, a luxuriant honeysuckle threw its tendrils; while a magnificent prairie-rose, in full blossom, wreathed its masses of leaves and branches around the pillar that supported it on its side. And within the arch of her favorite window, with the white curtains falling like a cloud around her, sat the heroine of my tale, the youthful mistress of that mansion. Months had elapsed since her return, and every evening found her at her favorite spot, where, as a child, she had gamboled; as a girl, she had whiled away many an idle moment; as a maiden, she had passed hours of happiness, and of deep and sad reflection. Deeply

better or worse," and won't hold you responsible for any unhappiness the future may have in store. But the evening wears—I cannot on it; the morrow would find her a journeyer towards the distant West, and that beloved old homestead, deserted and forsaken. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart had concluded, in compliance with the earnest solicitation of their married children, to remove to Ohio. Very fare thee, compared to those that drew them to the West, bound them to their old home; and Mr. Stuart had returned alone, in the spring, to make the necessary preparations, and when they were concluded, to bring back his daughter.

Sunset was deepening into twilight. The separate shadows were blending into one tint of grey, and the full moon was rising over the scene, when the sound of a carriage driving rapidly towards the house, broke the silence of the evening. Before Elizabeth could reach the entrance to welcome the new comer, a young lady, light and graceful as a fairy, sprang lightly from the vehicle, and Abby Scott was folded into her cousin's warm embrace.

"This absence is more delightful because it is unexpected, dear cousin," ejaculated Elizabeth. "What fortunate wind can have blown you hither on this quiet old retreat?"

"Do not overwhelm me with questions, Lizzy. Wait till I reach that cozy old window, where I caught a glimpse of you sitting as I drove up—I have volumes to tell you."

"First then," began Miss Scott, sinking languidly into the large arm chair, and twisting a branch of the beautiful prairie-rose into a fantastic wreath around her travelling hat, and then tossing it aside, "I must know about her exquisite fingers as she wore them, and laughing merrily and triumphantly as she looked upon her cousin's face, fear that I have not for a moment to spare, and therefore must proceed at once to the pith of the sting, divesting it of all the mystification that you know I am fond of, I am bound to Mr. Harrington's some half dozen miles distant, I believe, whose daughters and I got acquainted at their own spring to comply with a promise I made her at that time, to pay her a visit of several weeks this summer, and to-morrow is the day for bridesmaid at my approaching wedding."

"Your wedding, Abby! it is not possible!"

"Yes, indeed, nothing more natural—I called for a few minutes on purpose to tell you, as I thought I owed it to our cousinship to bring the tidings myself and in person, in September. Abby Scott will bid adieu to her friends, and be one of those who is bearing me off!—as it were, in her own peculiar world; who had just tasted the full cup of happiness, and felt the heart expand within it, when the veil is to be torn from the barrier that bright world term away, the cup of that happiness dashed from its lips, and the glory of that new life to fade and die—was to darken the very sun that shone in Heaven, or to shut out forever the forms from her prostrated gaze, as another light which lent its calm, still radiance,—the light of her faith in God—an overwhelming, unwarning agent, entering and wreathing its firm altar, the immortal soul. Religion, as I have said, had been an incidentum of her earliest years. To Him had never felt its stirring influence, never experienced its power to heal and soothe the heart wounded, as now. Sorrow was a new, unwelcome affection: one would interfere between her spirit and its earnest supplications; and in those moments, she felt that nothing but the strict sense of duty could have restrained her.

> "And never is her suppliant sigh
> Heard from its fall to Him on high,
> Who sees the tear unsoothed on high,
> And numbers every groan."

The din and confusion, the turmoil and excitement of the busy scenes around oppressed her. Reckless, she could not live in the same city in which he dwelt and suffered. She longed for the rest and quiet of her country home. Scarcely recovered from the severe brain prostration, she was unwilling to be present at those gay scenes which so delighted her cousin. She determined to return, and await her parents' pleasure at Fawngrove. The morning of her departure was one of early spring, and her heart felt lighter than she had expected, as the already green meadows, the bursting foliage met her view. The light cared of the birds, too, as they soared aloft in the clear sky, or flew from tree to tree came sweetly on her ear. It was her aunt's carriage in which she travelled, preferring it to the expense of the public route, and her journey was made pleasant by easy passages. She strove to think upon subjects that would divert her own sorrows, as possible—she strove—but in vain, to forget them.

She had left Penn Abby Scott with tears. Despite her outward frivolity, Elizabeth thought she had discovered traces of more enduring qualities in the way of the trials of glad life, so gentle and so beautiful. As the carriage swept away from the door, Abby left her stand by the window, and with a tear in her eye, even while a smile of peculiar meaning hovered over her lip, sought her mother.

"Well, I am off at last, mamma," she exclaimed, sinking into an easy chair, "and really, considering what a dull companion she has become lately, I cannot regret her absence. Still she was a kind, good girl for all."

"Confess, Abby, that she has undergone enough to make any one sad. Only think what a terrible conflict this separation from Nelwin must have occasioned."

"Of what are you thinking so seriously, my child?" enquired Mrs. Scott, some moments afterward, as her daughter remained in a profound meditation, a circumstance most unusual to her.

"Only, replied she, twinging her fingers amid the fair hair that curled over her forehead, and half toying to display her graceful figure to an opposite mirror, "only that poor Lizzy, sensible as she may be otherwise, has to this case, committed a most foolish act. Think of it, and a lunatic, disregarding all the splendor of such an alliance! People talk of morality and all that, but I can tell them, that Elizabeth Nelwin is not to be disregarded in its sake."

* * * * *

It was at the close of a warm, yet lovely summer day. The long shadows of sunset attended the close of the day, and the soft tints of those of the grass and oaks seemed almost interminable, and as their branches swayed with the evening breeze, bright gleams of sunshine streamed in, to relieve their darkness. Over the stately portico that graced the entrance of the mansion, a luxuriant honeysuckle threw its tendrils; while a magnificent prairie-rose, in full blossom, wreathed its masses of leaves and branches around the pillar that supported it on its side. And within the arch of her favorite window, with the white curtains falling like a cloud around her, sat the heroine of my tale, the youthful mistress of that mansion. Months had elapsed since her return, and every evening found her at her favorite spot, where, as a child, she had gamboled; as a girl, she had whiled away many an idle moment; as a maiden, she had passed hours of happiness, and of deep and sad reflection. Deeply

"It was to bring you this, Elizabeth, Abby," replied her cousin, solemnly; "this infidelity towards that God who created him. Would you rush heedlessly upon the fate of the Atheist? Would what but despair and anguish can ultimately be your portion? disappointment will be her portion; disappointment in him whom she has chosen for life, and the knowledge of your own unbelief, that will plant the direst thorn in your bosom. Elizabeth, you cannot, you shall not, you shall not follow Him!"

Suddenly, as she gazed upon the two, a half smile stole to the lips of the invalid, and he moved partially round, exposing his face still more, and murmuring, in an almost inaudible voice, the name of Elizabeth.

And why did she, who glided swiftly to the bend of the couch, bend over him with that thrilling startled look of recognition? Why does she press her hand upon her forehead, and sink back on the chair, her eyes still fixed upon the sufferer, as the moment might prolong, when her warnings would be remembered, and her affectionate motives unquestioned. As the cause was explained, why she leaned her head from the window, while one large tear after another, fell wistfully into the delicate blossoms below her, and why she sank into a train of sadder and gloomier thought than for months she had permitted.

* * * * *

And now I will pass over a period of fifteen years, and introduce my indulgent readers to a young lady, light and lightly from the velvet blinds of one of its most pleasantly aquated mansions, quite dancingly around a basket of gay flowers that graced the window, and played coquettishly with the silken hair of a group of children who were standing around them, a group of happy, light-hearted children, a little girl stood upon tiptoe, supporting herself upon the arm of a fine-looking boy, her merry eyes glancing with glee, while another, about few years older, was lightly toying with the tresses of a delicate elevation, and wearing it into a chaplet to crown her child sister. A lovely girl of twenty, who glanced from her embroidery with a gratified smile. At a little distance from the youthful circle sat two ladies evidently past the summer of life, yet both attractive. A matron, with the rich face of her cap drooping over a still beautiful face, and lady, some few years older, of gentler and sadder countenance. They were both engaged in sewing, though ever and anon their needles would steal from the elder lady, whose head was with her children, and a quiet smile illumine the face of her sister, a manner pay respect or innocent jest they uttered. The gentleman of the house, too, was there, driven from the streets and his mercantile pursuits by the heat of the noonday sun. He was a handsome man of perhaps fifty years, and reclined in his easy chair with newspaper in hand, looking over the top of it upon the happiness of his family. This gentleman was Theodore Stuart.

The climatic wreath was finished and placed upon the brow of the elder sister, who blushed slightly at the enthusiastic praises of the young girl, and patting her on her cheek, called her an idle flatterer.

"Flatter! I am not, Bella, but idle I certainly am," cried Emma Stuart; "I heighn! I wonder when Mary King will be making her appearance? I see here I have drawn dead up at still as parchment, for the last half hour, waiting for that ceremonious young lady. It is ridiculous for a girl of fourteen to own an aunt of fashionable hours! don't you think it is, Aunt Lizzy?"

At this moment the young lady in question entered the parlor, and laughingly replied the accusation she had overheard.

"Well, Emma, you will only let me speak, I waited to bring Charley along to share his holiday with Theodore. But I could not hasten—she had come to breakfast—and I formed this evening with a new playmate of his, who is, indeed, one of the finest boys I ever saw; but father bundle with Mrs. Ellis and is, they say, in the last stage of consumption. And that reminds me of a message I have for Mrs. Stuart. Mrs. Ellis is very much troubled about her boarder. She wishes to have the advice of a physician, but he will not consent to it, for he says he cannot recover, and would be of no use. He has been there two months, and since he came seems to have failed rapidly. Mrs. Ellis wished me to ask you to call at her house, for a few minutes, this afternoon, and consult as to the expediency of her sending for a consultation. Poor woman! she is nearly distracted

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 22, 1845

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year and one of the late novels.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

FOR TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and two novels.

FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of the United States Saturday Post, one copy of Godey's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

FOR TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, three copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE.

Any responsible calling himself A. C. Hart, Agent, has been authorized and receiving money for the "United States Saturday Post" in Indiana and along the National Road. *He is an Agent of ours.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have, this week, a batch of foreign news, which is chiefly worth notice, because many of our contemporaries, from a cursory view of the packages, have alarmed more timid souls into momentous consequents. Though the inflation of such bubbles does make newspapers interesting, it is the duty of a faithful penetrate them with a pen point, for the mere fun of seeing them totally vanish into their original fleshy nonentity. Men of all parties and of no political party, meet on common ground this day; rejoicing, apparently among other causes of gratulation, that there is one thing at least, on which this party-divided country can speak unanimously—the fame and glory of one whose whole character, and whose exploits—furnish the brightest page in the history of his time. The worst man may furnish glorious passages for the best, and the most honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; or the good man may shine forth in all relations of life, and yet the partial praises of his countrymen kindly drop ping a veil over the ill conclusion of what was well begun—but there never was, like Washington, we examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and alike honorable in all relations, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after death, gods and demi-gods. We, better taught, stop short of that impious folly; and our reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and veneration immeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we profess, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear admiration.

A great deal of the political news in Extra pean newspapers is "*Yellow Flash Correspondence*," correctly spelled and punctuated, but deficient in the wit which Charles's possessed, and about on the same grade with the humorous valet's letters and epistles—unmistakably false. Movements of European cabinets are conducted with a quiet ness and secrecy, which has forced those who would be wise above what is officially proclaimed, into a constant habit of guessing. Sometimes the "exclusive intelligence" monopolizers guess right, and sometimes they do not—but in either case their conjectures are delivered with a solemn air of truth and knowledge, which must be hard for any one to resist who stop to think of it. Every movement of royalty, from a visit to France, down to the position of the whipper-in of the royal hounds, as to how many shall be entered for prospective coursing, and how many shall furnish food for fishes that day, is attributed to have a highly important political bearing. In this country the newsboys sell the private documents of the Cabinet as fast as they can be printed, and manage matters differently; and guesses and speculation take the place of knowledge. Straws are constantly thrown up to show how the wind blows—and auguries are collected from these straws, and mighty storms are recorded. Such a thing is no wind, at all, in fact, not even a zephyr.

The newspapers say "England has conceded the Texas to the right of Texas." France in return, agrees to unite with England in a protest against the Annexation of Texas to the United States. Such is the look at this Lendi Green Men of Buckram story, and if a plain tale does not put it down more completely than the "Arabian Nights entertainments," then we are mistaken, and for once the prophets are right.

Leaving the matters received by the last previous arrival, was a copy of the London Spectator, in which the editor, as his thunder for action, in that London principality, the head of which has to lie about it from the first, asserted, that it was their duty to unite in a protest against the annexation above mentioned. About the same time there was another conference, concession or convention, between England and France, about metal tentacles, the etiquette of turning one corner, devising the mode of introducing a new guest, and other such important matter. That and more put together in the editor of Sun's, a Parisian newspaper, and perhaps by some other private opinions of the London editors became cabinet determinations, by an error in the Treasury Department, which rendered into French Eyes and the bugaboo of the nurseries.

Now nurses heard of it, and told it to their children, and the latter as the tale grew bolder. The Jesuitisms that to him gave birth.

The sage Guizot was not to be taken in by such incredible conviction were preserved, As passages that should be a nation's guide; And which might teach the British powers of oil A lesson benefactors to them unknown.

When in life's grand scene lots be acted, And to his fellow-beings lives to bless; A nation's warmest sympathies called forth, A thousand of assistance to the needy shade There he his harp of meditation tuned, To sons of sorrow thus he sweetly chanted Beyond the narrow pale whereon he set, His NAME, his CONDUCT, and proud, LIBERTY Those whose virtues shine and noble deeds All grace and lustre to a virtuous life. To move or laugh at all things in this world In all the pomp and majesty of fame, Unaided by the sense of humor given, Hast at the earth a mighty monarch alone, Whose downfall should regenerate mankind, And when the best of mortals shall be no more, Fly to his home, and there rejoice in peace! To contemplate the actions of the past Assessment bureau, and wonder file the lines Of his unrivalled fame, and his exalted rank, and decidedly the most eminent in talents, have accepted commission under the supreme of his throne, and by the which he will be noticed from the news in this day's paper, that a part of the populace, of their own free will, have insulted and threatened their clergymen for so doing. And it will be remembered, that Mr. O'Connell bitterly lamented the cause of those clergymen, when the fact of their acceptance was first announced, because, he said, it amounted to a division in the Church, and a triumph over their brethren. The event has proved his predictions well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, are following, implicitly, Mr. O'C's lead, one, or broken. Whether these facts, for facts they are, argue the truth of Peel's alleged "treaty" or "convention" with the Papal See, remains to be proved; but of themselves, taken with the whole history of the course of the Ministry towards O'Connell, and Ireland, they prove Sir Robert one of the most able and able statesmen who have wielded the destinies of the English people.

Of the merits of the questions of "Annexation" on that of the "Texas," and of "Rejection" on that of the "Texas," and of "Rejection" on the other, we do not in this connexion profess or propose to speak. What we have written, is principally to show what we regard as the duty of the English will not commend ourselves forced by any open interference or any declaration against the Annexation of Texas to the United States, that we would she go across the channel to ask France into an alliance with her, in "regulating" the affairs of this continent. The interests of the two countries, in relation to colonies, and to distant countries, are far from being so harmonious, as to make an alliance of any sort, whether partial or complete, desirable or even tolerable.

WASHINGTON.

We have now before us a communication reader that the day on which this paper is dated is the anniversary of the birth of Gen. WASHINGTON. While others, with their own, add a leaf to his laurels, and nothing which any man living can write can diminish his fame, we should be failing in our own duty to ourselves, and to our readers, if we did not seriously expose herself by any open interference or any declaration against the Annexation of Texas to the United States, that we would she go across the channel to ask France into an alliance with her, in "regulating" the affairs of this continent. The interests of the two countries, in relation to colonies, and to distant countries, are far from being so harmonious, as to make an alliance of any sort, whether partial or complete, desirable or even tolerable.

WASHINGTON.

We have now before us a communication reader that the day on which this paper is dated is the anniversary of the birth of GEORGE

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$1 if paid in advance.

Postmasters are requested to receive letters addressed to us. The word "free" if used in not a frank.

Subscriptions commence with the first number after receipt of order.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage be paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only on notice of such discontinuance at our office.

Small Bills on Solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are particularly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep the paper current. They will please write their names and post paid for.

Remember, money sent to the Post Office is at our risk from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Kentucky and Missouri, assisted by Messrs. Wade, Ogden, Stuck, G. H. Comstock, T. Gardner Stuck, J. T. Dunn and E. F. Johnson.

JOHN SIMMO, Canada, East and West.

JAMES H. STEVENS, of Mobile, and P. JOHNSON, are our agents in Alabama and Georgia.

Mr. H. LEE is our agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Southwestern States, and for the Post Office Agency, which we commend to the especial notice of persons desired the Post Office Agency, which we commend to the ladies than any other: it contains a fund of useful information, besides its agreeable literature and is well worth the money. Subscribe: it is the best, and the cheapest.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE authorize for us in Boston.

JAMES PIERCE is our Agent for Newark in New Jersey.

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wiseman.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for March, contains three engravings of fashions, &c. One is a beautiful picture of "Jessie Deane," the heroine name in Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian." Another is a view of the grave fund erected by Napoleon over the Alps, called "The Simplon." The third is a neat fashion-plate, the prettiest thing Mr. P. has yet published. The contributions are varied and excellent. Mrs. Stephens has a fine essay of the second volume of "Malaeska." Mrs. Ann S. Stephens Mathews's story of "Caroline Grahame," is a powerfully written tale, and a bit of reality daily glows in its touch. We have no doubt such incidents are daily transpiring around us. Mrs. Ellet's poem of "Great Britain," which we shall endeavor to give next week. We notice in the Home Department some excellent remarks on keeping the Sabbath day, which we commend to the especial notice of parents. Indeed the Home Department is full of good advice, adapted to the ladies than any other: it contains a fund of useful information, besides its agreeable literature and is well worth the money. Subscribe: it is the best, and the cheapest.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. *Harper & Brothers* have sold us our table, through *Perrett & Co.*, a valuable theological publication. It is a volume of 600 pages, embodying Mr. A Chamberlain's Lectures on the History of the Church, being an Inquiry into the true dates of the Birth and Death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and containing an Original Harmony of the Four Gospels, now first arranged in the order of time, by the Rev. Samuel Forrest Jarvis, D. D., L. L. D." The Protestant Episcopal Church, at its Convention, in 1838, appointed the author to the Professorship of Church History, from the Reformation to the present time. The volume under notice is preliminary to the main work; and gives evidence of extensive research and industry in its preparation. It is a most valuable work to all Christian Teachers, and an important addition to the ecclesiastical literature of this country, already celebrated.

TEXAS AND THE GULF OF MEXICO, *or Yachting in the New World. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.* This is the first number of "The Home and Traveller's Library," a series of volumes published in the pocket or for reading, and of a shape so neat, and execution so good, as to be worthy of universal and after reading. The first volume is a very interesting journal, kept by a lady, who visited this continent in a Yankee Schooner, and records her adventures and experiences in a very pleasant manner, and with much more impartiality and tolerance of other customs than is usual with writers of this class. We like her book, which is a fair specimen of the style and contents of the whole series, well of her kind. The next number we expect to find that it is the last of a series of tales which have been read with interest and improvement by more than one, than in their original form. Mr. Lea, as a writer for the young, she is unrivalled, combining simplicity and elegance of style with purity and truth of tone. This book, we are inclined to think, is one of the most successful efforts of this accomplished writer in the piety that is in the last.

MANUAL EXCITEMENT. *Lea & Blanchard* have published a pamphlet of 32 pages, by Alexander Jones, on the Influence of Mental Excitement and Mental Cultivation upon Health. Since the publication of Dr. Combe's work, has been issued no two or three editions in Europe, prefaced by such men as Macaulay. It is a most excellent work, and worthy the study of every teacher or the female charge of education, and of every man who cultivates his own intellect.

CONSTITUTION of the United States. *Butler & Williams* have published a Hand Explanation of the Constitution of the United States, for the use of Schools and Families, by John S. Hart, A. M., principal of the Philadelphia High School. The plan of the work is useful and well arranged and clearly pronounced, so that the ordinary scholar can comprehend them. Of the importance of the subject it is unnecessary to speak.

SACRED MUSIC.—*Perrett & Co.* have just published a volume of Chants of the Protestant Episcopal Church, consisting of a double set of original chants to each psalm; with new music to all the chants that are sung at the latter, and by arrangement of Mr. Perrett, assisted by Charles Jarvis, a well known Professor of Music, and editor of Sacred Music.

MAGAZINES.—The Magazines for March, are this year quick on the scene. Graham's, Godey's, Arthur's, and the Columbian, each come to hand, but we are not able to notice them this week; our space being pre-occupied. Next week we may, and the week after we must have our say upon the Columbian.

THE NUN, *or, Life on a Convent. New York: Farmer & Daggett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.*—This is a reprint of a work which was very popular in England. It seems to be silly written, and belongs to that class which manages controversy through the medium of narrative.

THE MAID OF HONOR, *or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.* This tale, a translation from the French of Madame de Genr, forms No. 6c of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson, and Perrett & Co.*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MAGAZINE. Number XXIII. of this work, one of the cheapest publications of the day, is issued. The publishers have found the demand such as to induce a much greater expedition in the publication than they contemplated.

HARPER'S PICTORIAL. No. 19 of Harper's Pictorial History of the World, is issued. It contains the eminently elegant of the Second Book of Chronicles. It is received by *Zeber & Co.*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Perrett & Co.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC INSTRUCTION. A work under this title published a little book, by Bishop Kenrick, in explanation of the leading tenets of the faith of the Roman Church. He has at the issued 150 pp. of 32 mo. for 25 cents.

THE MAGIC GUIDE. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a tale translated from the Dagobert of Emile Carlen, author of the Secret of Three Lives. The work is well received with favor, and like will also be.

LUTHER'S LETTERS ARE. This work, published in the city by Lossing, has been received and increases the favor with which the public welcomed it. It is a most acceptable publication.

☞ The eighth number of "Smith's Volume," just issued, contains the conclusion of the interesting work on Texas and Mexico, with other useful matter.

Personal News.

☞ The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate states that on Sunday, the 16th ult., the Rev. Daniel Smith, of the Congregational Church of that place, delivered his last pastoral discourse from the pulpit which he has occupied for fifty-two consecutive years. During that time he has been settled in his assistant. At the time of Mr. Smith's installation, the church consisted of seventy-seven members, and during the fifty-two years there had been contained a mind capable of vast conception-tions. It is like the summit of a mountain; so while in the pastorate, and during the pile up on which you stand. London lay beneath us, like an ant-hill, with the black insects swarming to and fro in their busy pursuits, and the scene of their employments coming up like the rust of the sea. A cloud of coal-smoke hung over the city, through which many a thousand spire was thrust up; sometimes the wind would blow it aside for a moment, and the millions of red roofs would shine out clearer. The bridged Thames, covered with craft of all sizes, wound beneath us like a ringed and spotted caterpillar. The scene was like an immense circular picture in the blue frame of the hills around. The hall is about eight feet higher, but we did not care to pay a shilling and a half to be crammed into a narrow chamber where nothing could be seen.

Continuing, our way up Fleet street, which, into the Municipal Court, Boston, on Saturday last, and had his indictments read to him. He gave bail in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance, and his trial is assigned for the 24th day of March next.

☞ We perceive that our old friend, John T. Adams, Esq., formerly residing in Harrisburg, is now in practice of his profession in Norwich, Conn. Those in want of legal services there, will find his address in the present column.

☞ It is stated in the Springfield Gazette, that Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, has made a magnificent donation to Amherst College, for the permanent endowment of the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in that institution.

☞ The family of Mr. Polk consists of Mrs. Polk, and her charge, Master Marshall Polk, a lad ten years old, the son of a deceased brother who lived in North Carolina, and whom Col. Polk has adopted, and Mr. Walker, his Private Secretary.

☞ The friends of the Hon. R. T. Conrad, who have heard of his sudden and dangerous illness, by the rupture of a blood-vessel, will be rejoiced to hear that he is convalescent.

☞ The New Orleans papers are commenting in raptures, upon the singing and playing of Madame Malibran Rodriguez, in New Orleans. Phœbus what a name!

☞ Ole Bull is making a wonderful sensation at the West. New Orleans ran crazy after him last week. At Natchez, he was the prevailing epidemic at St. Louis.

☞ The nomination of Judge Nelson, of New York, to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was confirmed by the Senate on Friday week.

☞ The nomination of Judge Nelson, of New York, to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was confirmed by the Senate on Friday week.

☞ The Liberty of the Senate Chamber has been presented to ex-President Lamar, of Texas.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

THE TUNNEL—ST PAUL'S—THE STRAND—REGENT STREET—REGENT SQUARE—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, August 1st, 1844.

Continuing our way down the Thames, through the water-gates, and under the arches, we passed St. Katharine's Dock, capable of containing 150 vessels, and this in the midst of the most populous district of London. Then we passed a channel. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large circular building, with a dome, to light the entrance. Having paid the fare of one penny, we descended by a winding staircase to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface of the river. The passage, yet unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected to find. As we walked through the tunnel, the sound of our footsteps, or three gaits at one end began playing on the French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when the music ceased, kept up a tremulous, added much to the effect. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are the Commissioner's offices, filled with cases of curiosities, such as china, containing views of the Tunnel, engravings, &c. In the end was a small printing press, where a sheet containing a description of the construction of the work was printed for the visitors who desired it. Not being a stranger to this art, I requested the boy to let me print one myself, but he had such a miserable roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air was somewhat damp, but fresh and agreeably cool. I experienced no scarcely realize on walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above his head. The immense solidity and compactness of the structure precludes the danger of accident, though the expense of the work is great; the undertaking, it is remarkable so few accidents occurred. It will be a long time be a subject of wonderment of human daring and ingenuity.

Our next visit was to St. Paul's. Joining the crowd in Ludgate street who were going westward, we were hurried by the tide to the New Royal Exchange, which we stopped to examine. The original building, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was burned down on the night of the 10th January, 1838. The present building is on the scale of that which was laid between two and three years ago, with great ceremony, by Prince Albert, is now in a state of forwardness. The style is that of the Corinthian order, and the building, when finished, will be one of the finest in London. The last stone is expected to be placed on

synonymous. "But oh!" resumed Nelly, "if I thought he did love me—there now! I've dropped a stitch—what am I thinkin' of—I must sit give way to such foolishness. Why, the bird is done soon', and Minny is looking angry at me out of her eyes—don't be jealous, now, you shall always have your corner of pelisse, your bright-eyed, beautiful darling!"

What more he said or did, it will be unnecessary for me to relate; suffice it to say that the world-renowned salleman, lost none of its efficacy on this particular occasion. Once more restored, Nelly's little world is worthy of record. At the close of a most uninteresting conversation, in any body but themselves, the affectionate pair withdrawn to listen:

"*Dear Ned, you must not allow yourself to be so far!*"

The course of true love sometimes does run very smoothly; given nothing but comfort, nowadays, for in about three weeks' time, the chapel bells rang merrily for the wedding of Edward and Nelly, and what's more, neither of them had ever cause to regret Ned's visit to The Blarney Stock.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & Co.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 23, 1856.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the "United States Saturday Post" one year, and one of the late novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the new novels.

For TEN DOLLARS, seven copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the new novels.

For FIVE DOLLARS, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, the copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

NOTICE.

Any carpenter calling himself A C. Hoyt, Agent, has been soliciting subscribers and receiving money for the "United States Saturday Post" in Indiana and along the National Road. *He is no Agent of ours.*

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We have, this week, a batch of foreign news, which is chiefly worth notice, because many of our contemporaries, from a cursory view of the subject, have elevated their noses titles in it to momentous consequence. Though the inflation of such bubbles does make newspapers interesting, we seldom feel inclined to puncture them with a pen point, for the mere fun of seeing them totally vanish into their legitimate insignificance—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and the remainder in all grades, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after gods, gods and demi-gods. We, being taught, stop short of that impious folly, and as reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and admiration unmeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we express, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear lauded.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leyden Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this service:

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains, and sees the sacred dust
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the labor which the world of the arctic,
Whose noble with ignorance are bound to earth,
And servile treasure the fetters of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light.
There man is man, and not the slave of slaves;
For where the mind is free, there is the mind
Within the narrow compass of his breath,
Their energies most soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy dungeon of despair.
Then they forget to spreads her mercurial pall
Over all his hopes and social sympathies,
Blunch every sincere shoot of love, every
Unbased, unstained, and unknown, to rule
But where are found the free and lofty head
To tower though, except the boundless space
Of vast intellect, and the wide circle
Of reason, or in fancy's shading glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's vale.
There roots and blossoms every fair whole
In stately grandeur paces the public mind,
Rooted in genius grown to the skies,
And deepest tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails
Such as this land, and this heaven, and things
Of him who well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme of distant happiness
He moved his life, and hemispheres stood mute
The storm that rolled its thunders through the sky,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His every nature he with dread contended,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the fire of his united land
But kingdoms were his footsteps, monarchs heard,
And statues like they lingered back aghast
To see, silence, and wonder at the spoke
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before.
Seemed lighted, and with them he trod
As first he entered on the weary march,
And read upon the spoils of the way
Of fame's cone-honored Patriarch.

The hand
Of high Omnipotence protected him,
In peril's heat through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep piercing eye, like that of fate,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By for the brightest token of the truth
A leering of the mighty one should be.
The champion of the sacred right of man,
And voice of the downtrodden millions.
He raised not what mental greatness brought;
But lonely lacked of mental light, and was
Enrapped a wagster of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate on earth,
Than in a grateful sheet of tender thanks,
Of all the nations of the world, he stood,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
Even and the fragrance of his memories.
Were treasured in the hearts of every people, to bless
The lamentations that in him gave birth.
Then let the wide world's voice be loud to him his lips,
In sacred consultation were perceived,
Let every nation that should be free,
And which might teach the forgiven priests of old
A lesson beneficent to them unknown.

Whilst at this day, the sacred fame of his word,
And to his fellow-kin's true hide adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies guided forth,
In strains of adoration and of love,
Loud were the chords which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend,
Their patriot echoes spread abroad,
Resounding with new strength from shore to shore;
Whilst e'er's bosom vied with eager care,
To tender ground his silvered locks a wreath
Of everlasting glory and renown.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the slopes of his far-famed mount,
Upon the bosom of domestic shade.
There he his harp of meditation tuned,
To notes of sweetness, solemn, and soothed
Beyond the narrow pale whereon he sat,
His name, his fame, his virtues, and his worth
Bloom altogether—there must notice flowers!
Then was the glorious day of his death.
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of feast,
Launched forth in all the majesty and temper.
Hail to the earth a mighty corner stone,
Whose everlasting strength and power shall stand,
And when the vast wheresoever had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the wonders of the
Amusement bosom, and wonder fills the heart
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork.
Hear from the deep research of ages past
His rarest excellence proclaimed to the world;
And then, as though unconscious, send it forth
To eminent immortal Washington!

THE WEST.

It is stated that Civilization advances toward the Pacific at the rate of one degree—only seventy-two miles—per year. Waste places become farms and villages, village towns, and towns cities, with immense rapidity. In Western Ohio, one-fourth of the population is said enough for the rapid increase of its inhabitants. The event has proved his prudence well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, and following, explicitly. Mr. O'C's dimensions, are broken. Whether these facts, for facts they are, argue the truth of Pool's alleged "treaty" or "convention" with the Papal See, remains to be proved; but of themselves, taken with the whole history of the course of the Ministry towards O'Connell, and Ireland, they prove Sir Robert one of the most adroit and able statesmen who have wielded the destinies of the English people.

Of the merits of the questions of "Annexation" on this side of the water, and of "Repeal" on the other, we do not in this connexion profess or purpose to speak. What we have seen, is proof which we believe to be also stated that he would appoint an agent fully empowered and qualified to respond to any charges or claims which against him, or his estates and estates and property as a guaranty for the satisfaction of all, and moreover speaks of the responsibility of his Ministry. This communication the Grand Jury were acting upon in secret session on the night of the 23d ult., and the result of their deliberations was not known. It is further stated that this Grand Jury are furious against the captive, while the present Executive of Texas manifested a feeling of clemency and at the same time of regret that he did not escape out of the country and thus avoid the responsibility of his position. In the dated Vera Cruz, January 31st, expresses the belief that the life of the tyrant would not be taken. His young wife, the niece of Iturbide, he was also an old friend of his, Senor Lazaro Villamil.

And now for the particulars of his capture. We mentioned in our last paper he had made several attempts upon the city of Puebla; attacking it at the head of four thousand troops, all of which were defeated. In these attacks Iturbide was repulsed with considerable loss. Soon afterwards he left the army, about four hundred men and proceeded towards Jalapa. Before arriving at that city he parted with his private passages for the history of his country, honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; as well as the virtues of a husband and father, and in all relations, and then sinks, the partial praises of his countrymen kindly dropping a veil over the blackness of what was well-nigh—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and the remainder in all grades, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after gods, gods and demi-gods. We, being taught, stop short of that impious folly, and as reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and admiration unmeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we express, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear lauded.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leyden Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this service:

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains, and sees the sacred dust
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the labor which the world of the arctic,
Whose noble with ignorance are bound to earth,
And servile treasure the fetters of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light.
There man is man, and not the slave of slaves;
For where the mind is free, there is the mind
Within the narrow compass of his breath,
Their energies most soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy dungeon of despair.
Then they forget to spreads her mercurial pall
Over all his hopes and social sympathies,
Blunch every sincere shoot of love, every
Unbased, unstained, and unknown, to rule
But where are found the free and lofty head
To tower though, except the boundless space
Of vast intellect, and the wide circle
Of reason, or in fancy's shading glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's vale.
There roots and blossoms every fair whole
In stately grandeur paces the public mind,
Rooted in genius grown to the skies,
And deepest tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails
Such as this land, and this heaven, and things
Of him who well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme of distant happiness
He moved his life, and hemispheres stood mute
The storm that rolled its thunders through the sky,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His every nature he with dread contended,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the fire of his united land
But kingdoms were his footsteps, monarchs heard,
And statues like they lingered back aghast
To see, silence, and wonder at the spoke
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before.
Seemed lighted, and with them he trod
As first he entered on the weary march,
And read upon the spoils of the way
Of fame's cone-honored Patriarch.

The hand
Of high Omnipotence protected him,
In peril's heat through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep piercing eye, like that of fate,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By for the brightest token of the truth
A leering of the mighty one should be.
The champion of the sacred right of man,
And voice of the downtrodden millions.
He raised not what mental greatness brought;
But lonely lacked of mental light, and was
Enrapped a wagster of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate on earth,
Than in a grateful sheet of tender thanks,
Of all the nations of the world, he stood,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
Even and the fragrance of his memories.
Were treasured in the hearts of every people, to bless
The lamentations that in him gave birth.
Then let the wide world's voice be loud to him his lips,
In sacred consultation were perceived,
Let every nation that should be free,
And which might teach the forgiven priests of old
A lesson beneficent to them unknown.

Whilst at this day, the sacred fame of his word,
And to his fellow-kin's true hide adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies guided forth,
In strains of adoration and of love,
Loud were the chords which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend,
Their patriot echoes spread abroad,
Resounding with new strength from shore to shore;
Whilst e'er's bosom vied with eager care,
To tender ground his silvered locks a wreath
Of everlasting glory and renown.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the slopes of his far-famed mount,
Upon the bosom of domestic shade.
There he his harp of meditation tuned,
To notes of sweetness, solemn, and soothed
Beyond the narrow pale whereon he sat,
His name, his fame, his virtues, and his worth
Bloom altogether—there must notice flowers!
Then was the glorious day of his death.
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of feast,
Launched forth in all the majesty and temper.
Hail to the earth a mighty corner stone,
Whose everlasting strength and power shall stand,
And when the vast wheresoever had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the wonders of the
Amusement bosom, and wonder fills the heart
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork.
Hear from the deep research of ages past
His rarest excellence proclaimed to the world;
And then, as though unconscious, send it forth
To eminent immortal Washington!

THE WEST.

It is stated that Civilization advances toward the Pacific at the rate of one degree—only seventy-two miles—per year. Waste places become farms and villages, village towns, and towns cities, with immense rapidity. In Western, Mo., one-fourth of the population is said enough for the rapid increase of its inhabitants. The event has proved his prudence well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, and following, explicitly. Mr. O'C's dimensions, are broken. Whether these facts, for

REVOLUTION IN MEXICO.

The revolution in Mexico is now complete—unless some curious and entirely unexpected event should turn up to change the complexion of affairs. Santa Ana is a prisoner in the castle of Perote, the same prison where he so long detained the Texas prisoners—a solid dungeon place. It is stated that the fallen general had sent, from Perote, a new communication to the Chamber, requesting that the property of which he had already asked, might be granted him, in which case he would banish himself perpetually from the country. He also stated that he would appoint an agent fully empowered and qualified to respond to any charges or claims against him, or his estates and property as a guaranty for the satisfaction of all, and moreover speaks of the responsibility of his Ministry. This communication the Grand Jury were acting upon in secret session on the night of the 23d ult., and the result of their deliberations was not known. It is further stated that this Grand Jury are furious against the captive, while the present Executive of Texas manifested a feeling of clemency and at the same time of regret that he did not escape out of the country and thus avoid the responsibility of his position. In the dated Vera Cruz, January 31st, expresses the belief that the life of the tyrant would not be taken. His young wife, the niece of Iturbide, he was also an old friend of his, Senor Lazaro Villamil.

And now for the particulars of his capture. We mentioned in our last paper he had made several attempts upon the city of Puebla; attacking it at the head of four thousand troops, all of which were defeated. In these attacks Iturbide was repulsed with considerable loss. Soon afterwards he left the army, about four hundred men and proceeded towards Jalapa. Before arriving at that city he parted with his private passages for the history of his country, honorable in his public, while despicable in his private life; as well as the virtues of a husband and father, and in all relations, and then sinks, the partial praises of his countrymen kindly dropping a veil over the blackness of what was well-nigh—but few—very few—like Washington, are examples to posterity from the cradle to the grave, and the remainder in all grades, and under all circumstances.

The ancients made their heroes after gods, gods and demi-gods. We, being taught, stop short of that impious folly, and as reverence is preferable to their idolatry, so is the character of the subject of our respect and admiration unmeasurably above that of any niche-filler in the Pantheon. Let it not then be empty words, or mere declamation. Let us endeavor to feel what we express, and to imitate what we so much laud and hear lauded.

As appropriate to this day we submit a poem from "The Leyden Bard," which has lain many days in our possession, awaiting this service:

CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

Blest is the land that in its greatness feels
The mellow breeze which Freedom's lofty breath
Wafts o'er its plains, and sees the sacred dust
Upon the summit of intelligence,
Smiles at the labor which the world of the arctic,
Whose noble with ignorance are bound to earth,
And servile treasure the fetters of kings.
The proper sphere for Liberty is light.
There man is man, and not the slave of slaves;
For where the mind is free, there is the mind
Within the narrow compass of his breath,
Their energies most soon be lulled to sleep
Within the gloomy dungeon of despair.
Then they forget to spreads her mercurial pall
Over all his hopes and social sympathies,
Blunch every sincere shoot of love, every
Unbased, unstained, and unknown, to rule
But where are found the free and lofty head
To tower though, except the boundless space
Of vast intellect, and the wide circle
Of reason, or in fancy's shading glides
Upon the bosom of reflection's vale.
There roots and blossoms every fair whole
In stately grandeur paces the public mind,
Rooted in genius grown to the skies,
And deepest tremble to behold the land
Where Freedom dwells, and Liberty prevails
Such as this land, and this heaven, and things
Of him who well conceived, and carried out
A brilliant scheme of distant happiness
He moved his life, and hemispheres stood mute
The storm that rolled its thunders through the sky,
To do his bidding, and award him praise.
His every nature he with dread contended,
To cultivate the dreadful art of war,
Amid the fire of his united land
But kingdoms were his footsteps, monarchs heard,
And statues like they lingered back aghast
To see, silence, and wonder at the spoke
The path to glory beaten well, and fresh
With trails of champions that had gone before.
Seemed lighted, and with them he trod
As first he entered on the weary march,
And read upon the spoils of the way
Of fame's cone-honored Patriarch.

The hand
Of high Omnipotence protected him,
In peril's heat through warfare's mingled din;
And his deep piercing eye, like that of fate,
Stands registered upon time's records now,
By for the brightest token of the truth
A leering of the mighty one should be.
The champion of the sacred right of man,
And voice of the downtrodden millions.
He raised not what mental greatness brought;
But lonely lacked of mental light, and was
Enrapped a wagster of such costly worth,
That e'en the proudest potentate on earth,
Than in a grateful sheet of tender thanks,
Of all the nations of the world, he stood,
They praised the goodness of his noble heart.
Even and the fragrance of his memories.
Were treasured in the hearts of every people, to bless
The lamentations that in him gave birth.
Then let the wide world's voice be loud to him his lips,
In sacred consultation were perceived,
Let every nation that should be free,
And which might teach the forgiven priests of old
A lesson beneficent to them unknown.

Whilst at this day, the sacred fame of his word,
And to his fellow-kin's true hide adieu,
A nation's warmest sympathies guided forth,
In strains of adoration and of love,
Loud were the chords which hailed him victor now,
As soldier, statesman, citizen and friend,
Their patriot echoes spread abroad,
Resounding with new strength from shore to shore;
Whilst e'er's bosom vied with eager care,
To tender ground his silvered locks a wreath
Of everlasting glory and renown.

Behold him after life well spent, in peace,
Upon the slopes of his far-famed mount,
Upon the bosom of domestic shade.
There he his harp of meditation tuned,
To notes of sweetness, solemn, and soothed
Beyond the narrow pale whereon he sat,
His name, his fame, his virtues, and his worth
Bloom altogether—there must notice flowers!
Then was the glorious day of his death.
To move at large before a wond'ring world
In all the pomp and majesty of feast,
Launched forth in all the majesty and temper.
Hail to the earth a mighty corner stone,
Whose everlasting strength and power shall stand,
And when the vast wheresoever had been done,
Fly to his home, and there expire in peace!
To contemplate the wonders of the
Amusement bosom, and wonder fills the heart
With marvellings at Nature's handiwork.
Hear from the deep research of ages past
His rarest excellence proclaimed to the world;
And then, as though unconscious, send it forth
To eminent immortal Washington!

THE WEST.

It is stated that Civilization advances toward the Pacific at the rate of one degree—only seventy-two miles—per year. Waste places become farms and villages, village towns, and towns cities, with immense rapidity. In Western, Mo., one-fourth of the population is said enough for the rapid increase of its inhabitants. The event has proved his prudence well founded. The ranks of the people, before united, and following, explicitly. Mr. O'C's dimensions, are broken. Whether these facts, for

OHIO SCHOOLS.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 13, 1845.

GENTLEMEN:—In your paper of the 8th inst., I noticed a paragraph, in which you state, "It is said that of half a million of children in Ohio, of a proper age for schools, only about 50,000 are receiving education. This will never do for the Buckeye State."

Errors, such as the one contained in this statement, never will do to go abroad in reference to the Buckeye State, unexplained.

From the Report made to our Legislature, on the 15th of January last, by S. Galloway, Esq., Secretary of State, "on the condition of Common Schools in Ohio," we learn the following facts relative to schools, &c., for the last year:

Number of Common School Districts,	9,000
Number attending Common Schools in 9 Cs.	48,870
Number attending Schools in Miss.	1,000
Amount paid Teachers in 300 Counties,	$130,703
Cost of tuition per month,	2 37
Cost of School houses in 32	$17,317

Thus you will see that the number of scholars attending school is NINE counties is 48,870. And some either probably took this number as the whole number attending school in Ohio.

We have 79 counties; returns are made by 45 only. The Secretary says:—"There are in the State about 7,000 districts, 12,000 teachers, and 480,000 scholars connected with more than 13,000 Common Schools.

In the District represented by the Hon. J. R. Giddings, (Ashtabula District,) are the counties of Cuyahoga, Lake, Geauga and Ashtabula, containing, in 1840, a population of 80,598, from which were taken, according to the returns of the last census—

Common Schools,	226
Number of Scholars,	25,790
Number of white persons over 21 years of age who cannot read or write,	81
Number of voters, Nov., 1844,	19,256

I believe the above large proportion of the children in out state are now receiving education in our Common Schools. In the great business of Commerce, people, from all parts of the country, are in the habit of sending their children to Ohio to be educated as to know and do their duty to each other and to their country.

As a nation, we have *Liberty, Intelligence*: and yet we have more than *half a million* of adult population who cannot read or write; and the number of children in this State who are receiving up to be fathers and mothers, without education, is truly fearful. There is a fearful responsibility resting upon those who have the power to remedy the disease that is hanging over this land, and make no effort to displace it. We may talk of Tariffs and Free Trade, of Sub and Sub-Treasuries of Canals and Railroads, and of other public questions—but give *the people* knowledge—let every man be educated so that he can vote with judgment in the affairs of his country, and every measure of public policy will be right. It was said by William Penn: "Governments rather depend upon men, than men upon Governments. Let men be good, and the Government cannot be bad. If it be ill, they can cure it. But if men be bad, let the Government be never so good, they will endeavor in warp or spoil it to their turn." Liberty, Virtue and Knowledge will make us, as a nation, the most favored under heaven. Ignorance will destroy the fair Temple of Freedom, that was reared by the toil and treasure. As a people, we must be *educated*, must be *free*, or this nation will be "a Wind Grant, Liberty, Virtue and Knowledge will make us, as a nation, the most favored under heaven. Ignorance will destroy the fair Temple of Freedom, that was reared by the toil and treasure. As a people, we must be *educated*, must be *free*, or this nation will be "a wreck on the waters, without being put to the top of her speed.

A great effort is now making, in many parts of England, to get rid of a portion of the income tax.

The affair of the Church engrosses no small attention on the part of the English.

According to the private letters from Berlin, the Queen and Prince Albert will pay a visit to the German Court in the course of May.

A journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles on the Great Western Railroad was recently performed in four hours and twenty-five minutes.

The was a great Free Trade meeting at Manchester on the 5th ult., at which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright addressed a solume for taking the power of governing the British territories in the East, out of the hands of the Hon. East India Company, and placing them immediately under the Crown.

The gale of the 11th and 12th of December was the severest that has occurred for years. It was pouring into England. We have facts enough that the gale was at least twenty-five degrees of longitude in width.

The Catholic prelates in Ireland, who espoused the Charitable Bequest Act, are beginning to reap the fruits of their folly. In a design upon the life of Archbishop Murray The rumor has this much authority, that, on the 3d, the Rev. Mr. O'Carroll, one of the curates in the Roman Catholic Church, Westland Row, announced from the pulpit, that a letter had been found in the Sacristy of the morning, from a magistrate in the county of Tipperary, stating that a deeply laid conspiracy was formed to take the life of the Archbishop of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in consequence of his having accepted the Commissioners-ship under the Charitable Bequest Bill. The intelligence has produced the greatest excitement in Dublin. A report was likewise generated in Dublin on Saturday, that the same conspiracy (Westland-Row) was grossly confirmed as he proceeded on the following morning to the altar to celebrate mass.

CONTINENTAL.

The French papers, ever fertile in wonderful discoveries, announce that England is disposed to cede Malta to France, in the belief that the French Cabinet join that of London, to obtain an European declaration against the Emperor of Turkey to the United States.

The French Ministry had a triumph in the election of members of a municipal body, to set up an answer to the address from the throne, seven out of the nine chosen were favorable to the Ministry. The address was rejected by the numerous serial segase as a great triumph, and by the other party, as a great defeat—another struggle is to come on the adoption of the address, when it is rejected.

Still another and a much more important crisis will take place on the meeting of the King to endow his family. There is said to be no doubt of the final determination of the King and Ministry to carry the measure by a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies. On this point it is well known his Majesty has made up his mind, and emulates if the first of this month, to the customers at a considerable. The former were the natural growth, in the open sea, the latter are the product of a salt water inclosure.

Mobile is the latest an importation from New Orleans. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper!

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal the post Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the bankrupted themes, for under'thie hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

ANOTHER CORRECTION.

Last week a story was started, through the letter writers, that a remonstrance upon the subject of Mr. Calhoun's Despatch to Mr. King, had been sent from Great Britain to Washington. Doubting the story, and crowded for room, we did not insert it; and we now allude to the subject, only to say to those who may have written to their quarters, that *no such communication has been received.*

THE RANDOLPH WILL.

The jury in the case, after a day's deliberation, last night, came to a verdict sustaining the will and codicil of 1833 as the last will and testament of John Randolph. This sets aside most of the bequests to emancipate the slaves. An application for a new trial, on account of alleged informalities, is, however, pending.

THE LICENSE LAWS.

In the case carried to the U. S. Supreme Court, Samuel Thorlow, plaintiff in error, vs. the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the Court being divided on the question as to the unconstitutionality of the Massachusetts License Laws, have delivered an opinion, but directed that the case be continued to the next term.

NEW YORK I. O. O. F.

It is stated that the total receipts of the order of Odd Fellows, in New York, in 1844, was $68,700. The amount expended in burial, relief, and other expenses, was $35,274. A handsome balance remains in the hands, newly for contingencies; as the current expenses of the order are very small.

THE COMET.

It is stated on the authority of some of our astronomers that the two comets (Mauvais' and the new one,) were in conjunction on Sunday, at a distance of one degree and a half from each other. No such phenomenon has ever been known to occur before.

A CHANCE.

A Bachelor advertises in the Green Bay Republican, that sixteen of twenty Eastern damsels, of a suitable age, could soon enter into agreeable co-partnership, by migrating to that part of Wisconsin.

Foreign Intelligence

A WEEK LATER.

By the arrival of the packet ship Roscius, at New York, we have London and Liverpool dates to the 11th of January, a week later than our advices by the steamship.

The Cotton market had sustained its prices against an importation of 71,000 bales during the week preceding. The prices declared by the Board of Brokers were: for fair cotton, lowed 4¼, Mobile and New Orleans 4¾. The grain and provision markets present no change. The Free Trade Conference at Brussels was not the markets continued in a healthy state. Money was easy, and first class bills were doing at rates of 3 and ½ per cent per annum.

The official Revenue Table of the British Empire, exhibits an aggregate, for the year, £51,295,253, being a net increase on the year previous, of £1,162,595.

Mr. Calhoun's letter to Mr. King, had excited much amusement in the English circles, and the excitement appeared to have subsided. We find no confirmation of the rumor which has been put in circulation here, that the British Government had applied to this Government for an explanation, and therefore conclude that no such demand has been made.

The prevalent impression was, that the Pennsylvania interest would not be paid. By this time, therefore, the doubters are agreeably disappointed.

The London Times of the 11th, notices Mr. Bibb's Report, and remarks that

The steamer Great Britain, on trial, went nineteen miles in exactly one hour and ten minutes, without being put to the top of her speed.

A great effort is now making, in many parts of England, to get rid of a portion of the income tax.

The affair of the Church engrosses no small attention on the part of the English.

According to the private letters from Berlin, the Queen and Prince Albert will pay a visit to the German Court in the course of May.

A journey of one hundred and ninety-four miles on the Great Western Railroad was recently performed in four hours and twenty-five minutes.

The was a great Free Trade meeting at Manchester on the 5th ult., at which Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright addressed a solume for taking the power of governing the British territories in the East, out of the hands of the Hon. East India Company, and placing them immediately under the Crown.

The gale of the 11th and 12th of December was the severest that has occurred for years. It was pouring into England. We have facts enough that the gale was at least twenty-five degrees of longitude in width.

The Catholic prelates in Ireland, who espoused the Charitable Bequest Act, are beginning to reap the fruits of their folly. In a design upon the life of Archbishop Murray The rumor has this much authority, that, on the 3d, the Rev. Mr. O'Carroll, one of the curates in the Roman Catholic Church, Westland Row, announced from the pulpit, that a letter had been found in the Sacristy of the morning, from a magistrate in the county of Tipperary, stating that a deeply laid conspiracy was formed to take the life of the Archbishop of the Most Rev. Dr. Murray, in consequence of his having accepted the Commissioners-ship under the Charitable Bequest Bill. The intelligence has produced the greatest excitement in Dublin. A report was likewise generated in Dublin on Saturday, that the same conspiracy (Westland-Row) was grossly confirmed as he proceeded on the following morning to the altar to celebrate mass.

CONTINENTAL.

The French papers, ever fertile in wonderful discoveries, announce that England is disposed to cede Malta to France, in the belief that the French Cabinet join that of London, to obtain an European declaration against the Emperor of Turkey to the United States.

The French Ministry had a triumph in the election of members of a municipal body, to set up an answer to the address from the throne, seven out of the nine chosen were favorable to the Ministry. The address was rejected by the numerous serial segase as a great triumph, and by the other party, as a great defeat—another struggle is to come on the adoption of the address, when it is rejected.

Still another and a much more important crisis will take place on the meeting of the King to endow his family. There is said to be no doubt of the final determination of the King and Ministry to carry the measure by a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies. On this point it is well known his Majesty has made up his mind, and emulates if the first of this month, to the customers at a considerable. The former were the natural growth, in the open sea, the latter are the product of a salt water inclosure.

Mobile is the latest an importation from New Orleans. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper!

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal the post Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the bankrupted themes, for under'thie hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

MILD WEATHER.

The Mobile papers mention that green peas and asparagus were in market on the 1st instant. The former were the natural growth, in the open sea, the latter are the product of a salt water inclosure. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper!

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal the post Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the bankrupted themes, for under'thie hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

MILD WEATHER.

The Mobile papers mention that green peas and asparagus were in market on the 1st instant. The former were the natural growth, in the open sea, the latter are the product of a salt water inclosure. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper!

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal the post Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the bankrupted themes, for under'thie hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent.

RAILROADS.

The amount of capital now invested in Railroads in the United States is $200,000,000. There are nearly 5,000 miles of road, and the average cost is about $20,000 a mile. The Cincinnati Gazette says that the work is now in continuous lines, which, in a very few years will doubtless be completed

In For example, the great route from Port land to Buffalo, will soon receive two important additions, one at the eastern extremity, proceeding it to Bangor, and the other at the western, uniting Buffalo by means of Mad River and Lake Shore Railroad, to the Ohio, when a steam car may be run from Bangor, Me., to Cincinnati, Ohio, over a continuous line of railroad *and steamboat* miles in extent! This may seem like the dream of a visionary, but it is based soundly, is made.

A Wharf in the New York and New Haven and the Baltimore Railroads are to the Ohio completed, (both of which will be within a few years,) there will only need a link from the Ohio in the Little Miami Railroad, to make Cincinnati the great centre of the railroad system from Bangor to Cincinnati, in the great central route. Portions of the above are already completed; so that the completion of the other is but a question of time, and that a short remaining third, the capital is already at hand to be employed. The only thing wanting is the effort is necessary so that from the Ohio river there will be no want of capital to complete the remaining link.

MILD WEATHER.

The Mobile papers mention that green peas and asparagus were in market on the 1st instant. The former were the natural growth, in the open sea, the latter are the product of a salt water inclosure. As an evidence of the mildness of the winter in that region, it is stated that green peas have been furnished in the market every week this season, in greater or less quantities, from the garden of Mrs. Barnes, within the limits of the city, and not more than a mile from the city proper!

WAY-SIDE SKETCHES.

The Washington correspondent of the Journal the post Taylor's glorious letter, in this number of the Post. Let him not be deterred from the perusal by the bankrupted themes, for under'thie hand of our correspondent the most well-worn and description-worried subjects start into new life and beauty. We acknowledge to have almost held our breath while perusing portions of the letter under notice. We shall probably have one more letter on English subjects, and then the next will be from the continent

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance.
Postmasters are requested to keep Postal Cards before addressed to us. The word "Post" of itself is not a Book.
Agents will please remember their duties and forward names as periods.
Letter letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.
Papers discontinued at the end of the current half year, unless a renewal is made, as the option of the Publishers, if arrearages are due.
Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.
Agents are kindly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They will always give name and town paid for.
Remember most always state the Post Office removed from, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

W. C. W. JAMES, of the interior states, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin; by Henry Hunter, Esq., of Cincinnati, Ohio.
JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.
JAMES H. JOHNSTON and JAMES P. JOHNSTON are our agents in Kentucky and Missouri.
Mr. HENRY D. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.
ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by James H. Wright, Wm. Nichols, Wm. Wild, Jas. Bowers, John H. Wright, Nicholas Wild and John Wild.
THOMAS REVELEY is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penn.
JAMES PERRY, Travelling Agent for Maine and New Jersey.
☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Wimberton.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, for *March*, contains three splendid steel engravings, "Portrait and Autograph of "Jessie Deane," "Death of the Lord" and the grand "Heart of Mid Lothian." Another is called the great event created by Napoleon over the Alps, called "The Simplon." The third is a steel fashion-plate, the prettiest thing we like to see published. The contents are varied and excellent. Mrs. Stephens has a fine essay on the moral education of children. The Rev. Mr. McIlvaine's story of "Caroline Grahame," is a powerfully written tale and an air of reality adds greatly to the merit. We have no doubt each number will be an increasing demand as. Miss Ashton has a well-told story called "The Duel," which we shall endeavor to give next week. We notice in the Home Department some excellent remarks on light-loving and heavy-loving children, besides agreeable literature and its pre-eminent re-requisites of taste and refinement. The fashions as well as a companion for the bonnet, and we wonder how any female can be without it. The present number well sustains the high character it has ever sustained.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH. *Harper & Brothers* have laid on our table, through *Stewart & Co.*, a valuable and logical publication. It is a volume in the series, entitled "A Chronological Introduction to the History of the Church, being the Inquiries and Answers to the Study of God and our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and containing an Original Harmony of the Four Gospels, now first arranged in the order of time, by the Rev. Samuel Turner James, D. D., L. L. D." The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in 1836 presents the author on Historiographer, to prepare a History from the Reformation to the present time. We believe under notice is preliminary to the main work, and gives evidence of qualifying research and ability for the task. It is a most valuable work to all Christian Teachers, and an important addition to the ecclesiastical literature of this country, already celebrated.

TEXAS AND THE GULF OF MEXICO, or *Yachting in the New World*. *Philadelphia: Zieber & Co.* This is the first number of a work to be issued in monthly parts. The series of volumes adopted to the pocket or the Reticule, and of a shape to suit, and exercise of a good, we to be worthy of preservation after reading. This first volume is a very interesting one, and the lady, who reads the commencement in a Yacht Schooner, and records her observations and experiences in a very pleasant manner, and with much spirit and vivacity, will please the taste of customs. than we usually find in men. An extract from her book, which is a fair specimen of the style and merits of the whole work will be found on our last page.

MY OWN STORY. *By Mary Howitt. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton.* This is Mary Howitt's own story of her own mind, and we regret to say that it is the last of a series of works which have been read with interest and improvement by more youth in this, than in her own land, we are sorry to see a writer for the young, so full of excellence, rendering simplicity and strength, and naturalness and vivid interest. This work, we are informed, is one of the most fascinating of the whole collection—the more is the pity that it is the last.

MENTAL EXCITEMENT. *Lea & Blanchard* have published a third edition of Dr. Brigham's "Remarks on the Influence of Mental Excitement and Mental Discipline upon Health. Since the publication of the first edition it has been issued in two or three editions in Europe, published by one of the first houses in Paris. It is a great work, and worthy the perusal of every person who has charge of children and every one who is desirous of his own intellect.

CONSTITUTION of the United States. *Butler & Wil-*liams have published a Brief Exposition of the Constitution of the United States, for the use of Common Schools, by John B. Sharp, A. M., principal of the Philadelphia High School. This is a very useful book, the contents of which are arranged in the form of question and answer, which we can comprehend them. Of the importance of the subject it is unnecessary to speak.

RECORD OF THE CHURCH, &c., have just published a volume of Chronicles of the Protestant Episcopal Church, consisting of a double set of original classics in each parish; with an appendix, containing the names that are rung at the festivals, and a complete set of selected chants, by Charles Jarvis, A. M., Rector, Professor of Music, and editor of many musical works.

MARATHON.—The Magazine for March, are this year quick on the heels of February. Mr. Arthur's, and the Colonelan, have each come to hand, but we are unable to notice the words, our space is so much taken up. We can only say, that the friends of each will find themselves well cared for. We extract a story from the Colonelan.

THE SUN, *or, Life in a Convent. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is an epitome of a work which was run through five editions in London. It seems to be a story of intrigue, and one of that class which manages controversy through the medium of narrative.

THE LIFE OF HAYDN, *or the Maestro of St. Stephenstone.* This tale, is a translation, from the French of Madame de Bawr, forms No. 40 of Harper's Library of Select Novels. It is for sale by *T. B. Peterson, and Brown & Co.*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE. Number XXIII. of this work, now out, brings us within one of the conclusion. The publishers have found the demand such as to induce them to make such expenditure in the work as originally contemplated.

HORNER'S PICTORIAL. No. 19 of Harper's Pictorial Bible brings the work down in to the twentieth chapter of the Second Book of Chronicles. It is reviewed by *Zieber & Co.*, by *T. B. Peterson*, and by *Brown & Co.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC TENETS.—Cunningham has published a little book, by Bishop Kendrick, in explanation of the leading tenets of the faith of the Church of Rome. It is also issued Nos. 20 and 21 of the Penny Bible.

THE MAGIC GUIDE. *Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.* This is a book intended for the amusement of the young lady, author of The Rose of Thorne Island. That was reviewed with, and this is of the same class.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. This work, published in this city by Canning, keeps up its interest, and increases the favor with which the public welcomed it. It is a most acceptable periodical.

☞ The night number of "Sands's Valume," just issued, contains the best account of the interesting work on Texas and Mexico, with other useful matter.

Personal News.

☞ The Stamford (Ct.) Advocate states that on Sunday, the 15th inst., the Rev. Dr. Bethune, pastor of the Congregational Church of that place, delivered his last regular discourse from the pulpit which he has occupied with the exception of fifty-five consecutive years. Mr. Alvord has been settled as his assistant. At the time of Mr. Bethune's installation, the congregation consisted of seventy-seven members, all of whom have been gathered to the tomb. During his pastorship he has baptized six hundred and one persons, attended three hundred and thirty-five weddings, and preached 4,036 sermons.

☞ McLeod, who created such an uproar over the country on account of the part he took or rather boasted, for notoriety sake, that he took in the Caroline affair, is now petitioning the Canadian Legislature for relief, alleging that his imprisonment in the United States reduced him to poverty.

☞ James S. Buckmaster, Esq., of Fredericka, Kent county, has been appointed Treasurer of the State of Delaware. Abraham Stastis, Esq., of New Castle county, has been appointed State Auditor.

☞ Gen. Cass was to leave Detroit, on his way to Washington, to take his seat in the new Senate, on the 4th of March next.

☞ Rev. John H. Fairchild came voluntarily into the Municipal Court, Boston, on Saturday last, and had his indictments read to him. He gave bail in the sum of $1,000 for his appearance, and his trial is assigned for the 24th day of March next.

☞ We perceive that our old friend, John T. Adams, Esq., formerly resident in Harrisburg, is now in practice of his profession in Norwich, Conn. Those in want of legal services there, will find his address in the proper card.

☞ It is stated in the Springfield Gazette, that Hon. Samuel Williston, of Easthampton, has made a magnificent donation to Amherst College, for the permanent endowment of the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory in that institution.

☞ The family of Mr. Polk consists of Mrs. Polk, and her charge, Master Marshall Polk, a lad ten years old, the son of a deceased brother who lived in North Carolina, and whom Col. Polk has adopted, and Mr. Walker, his Private Secretary.

☞ The friends of the Hon. R. T. Conrad, who have heard of his sudden and dangerous illness, by the rupture of a bloodvessel, will be pleased to learn that he is convalescent.

☞ The New Orleans papers are commenting in raptures, upon the singing and playing of a Madam Hammarskold, in New Orleans. Photous what is she?

☞ Ole Bull is making a wonderful sensation at the West. New Orleans ran crazy after him—and in Cincinnati he was the prevailing epidemic at St. Louis.

☞ The nomination of Judge Nelson, of New York, to the Bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, was confirmed by the Senate on Friday week.

☞ Hon. John White, a member of Congress from Kentucky, has been nominated by the Governor of that State as a judge in the 19th judicial district.

☞ The liberty of the Senate Chamber has been presented to ex-President Lamar, of Texas.

Our Traveller.

WAYSIDE SKETCHES
Of the Old World.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

THE TUNNEL—ST PAUL'S—THE STRAND—TRAFALGAR SQUARE—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

London, August 19th, 1844.

Continuing our way down the Thames, through the narrow streets of Wapping, we found ourselves at the Tunnel. The tunnel is containing 150 vessels, and this in the midst of the city, communicating with the Thames by a descent. Over the mouth of the Tunnel is a large circular building, with a dome, to light the entrance below. Paying the fee of a shilling, we descended by a winding flight of stairs to the bottom, which is seventy-three feet below the surface. The carriage-way, still unfinished, will extend further into the city. From the bottom the view of the two arches of the Tunnel, brilliantly lighted with gas, is very fine; it has a much less heavy and gloomy appearance than I expected to find. As we walked along under the bed of the river, two or three times, I was startled by a sudden flare of French horn and bugle, and the echoes, when not too deep to confuse the melody, added much to the effect. Between the arches of the division separating the two passages, are slope, occupied principally, by venders of fancy articles, and, from the entrance of the Tunnel, engravings, &c. In the middle is a small printing press, where a sheet containing a list of the names of the company and the whole work is printed for those who desire it. Not being a stranger to this art, I requested to see the press, and was informed that such a miserable roller I did not succeed in getting a good impression. The air within is tolerably pure, but the light is dim, and the walls and one can scarcely realize on walking along the light passage, that a river is rolling above us. Every step called up some and interesting associations of the structure precludes the danger of accident, though considering the nature of the work, it is remarkable how few and slight accidents occurred. It will for a long time be a noble monument of human daring and ingenuity.

Our next visit was to St. Paul's. Joining the crowd in Ludgate street who were going westward, we were borne along to the door of the Royal Exchange, which we stopped to glance at. The original building, which was burned in the great fire of London, was erected down on the night of the 10th of January, 1838. The present edifice, the corner stone of which was laid in the summer of 1841, and which, with great ceremony, by Prince Albert, is now far advanced toward completion. The front is to be of Portland stone, and the building, when finished, will be one of the finest in London. In front an equestrian bronze statue is erected, in honor of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Bank of England; and the vacuity may perhaps be considered as the centre of business, as the principal lines going out from this point in direction, and at the meeting of Cornhill and Cheapside, the tumult is almost bewildering. The area is enormously large, and the style, though pure, is copied after the Stylli's Temple at Tivoli.

But St. Paul's is on a scale of grandeur exceeding all that I have yet seen. The dome seems to stand in the sky, as you look up to it, the distance from which you view it, and the effect of the sunlight, which, gives it a dim, shadowy appearance that perfectly startles one with its immensity. The roof from which the dome springs is used as high as the base of most other buildings, and is entirely blackened for two hundred years with the soot of London, and forms a relic of the great architecture of the early world. And the interior is what one would expect to behold, after viewing the outside. It is vast and grand in its proportions

Selected Poetry.

THE BARD OF ETTRICK AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Come to my arms, my dear wee pet!
My gleesome, gentle Hector!
The sweetest bide here set to me,
That ever sat on parent's knee,
My every hope and pleasure!
Thou hast the eyes and nose your wife,
Thou hast the very mouth and smile,
And such a playful, merry mien,
That you'll be like your mother's bean.

Child of my age and dearest love!
A precious gift to me,
I take thy pure and gentle frame,
In this my child of memory to claim,
And hope that through life's chequered glade—
That every path which all must tread
Some cross from thy name will bear
To the old land that loved me so
At least thou shalt not want thy mood—
Thou shalt not want one more one while,
And prayers to Him whose sacred breath
Can make the meanest thing divine!
Who said with solemn power,
"Let little children come to me.

"In very wrongs, my little dove!
Thou still wert dear to me,
Thou still wert dear till I
Wife gaving on thy guileless face;
Yet very soon began to get my mood
Cut, where high birth and wail refined
Withheld her not from turning on
Even in life's last extremity
Power hadst' thou act immortal dear
Of all I honor and revere!

Come on, sweet child! my wild delight
Is moved by voices heavenly bright!
My heart would fain secure my all thou gain,
With promptings high to heart and brain!
But hope at all—though hope intense—
Thou art a shepherd's tool beloved,
Thou art a poet's darling dear,
Thou art a lover's gentle fere,
I lay my head once more and frame
A blessing in the holy name
Of that supreme Divinity
Who breathed a living soul in thee!

The Mississippi.

MRS. HOUSTON'S JOURNAL.

[Mr. and Mrs. Houston, an English couple, of wealth and leisure, have been spending both with more judgment than many do, a voyage in their own yacht to New Orleans and Texas. From the lady's Journal, just republished in Putnam's neat Library, we make the following extract about the Father of Rivers.]

And this was the Mississippi! The giant river of which I had heard so much! It really was very disappointing; mud, mud, mud, and floating logs, yellow fever, dampness and desolation! I believe there are about two hundred souls in this wretched little village of Balize, at least fifty of them are pilots. They go very far out to sea, and their boats though not handsome, are fast, and safe. The chief reliance of the customs, and the great man of the place, since the board immediately and was the most kind in his offices of assistance, he had shooting "four rats" for my husband, and he built with a drum and tambour to enliven the breakfast, &c., my maid and myself! But as to account, game is very plentiful here at all seasons of the year—snipes in abundance, and thousands of wild ducks; and, a mongst of up the river, plenty of deer, quail, gray squirrel and woodcock; fish, no end, anguine, is indeed a scarce commodity here; the sort most frequently caught is called the sea-bob, of which, by-the-bye, our new acquaintance told us rather a remarkable anecdote. "Well sir," he began, "this is queer what I'm going to tell you, but it's a fact! Once a friend of mine had a pointer dog marked with very particular spots, and the pointer had seven first-rate pups, all marked the same. Well, sir, my friend he did'nt want the pups, so he just threw them slick into the Mississippi; he was raised, my friend was, up north away, and he threw the pups in good two hundred miles from this, he did. Well, sir, it might be a couple of days after this I was a fishing, and I caught as fine a cat-fish as ever you saw, and in its inside what might you think I found? Just my friend's pointer pups, two of them was dead, surely, but the rest was only a little hungry! and that's a fact! by—this and by that."

This singular personage was very proud of his skill in rifle-shooting, and sent us evidences of his skill, in the shape of some delicious wild ducks, shot that morning. He had come off conqueror in a well-contested match with Alligator, the famous Indian chief, and what was of much greater importance to him, he had likewise proved his superiority as a sportsman over an "English coldsmen." With the forgot the name of this "distinguished individual," he he called him; by his account this "noblesman" was travelling for pleasure (a circumstance in itself always sufficiently surprising to a Yankee mind,) and finding himself at Balize, agreed to have a trial of skill in a rifle-match. The peer boasted of being a first-rate shot; he had been up the air Matchwater in his skill with the rifle, and in short "he would show the American what shooting was." Well, said the narrator, "his Lordship's friend and himself in a smart new bright green velvet jackets, with number-one-pearl buttons as big as a dollar; why I tell you, that coat was enough to have skeered all the ducks away from the river from this to eternity. Well, sir, he put the coat, and hood, and all, and up to fire, without a thought of keeping himself out of sight of the birds, and then away he popped, and a splendid gun he had too, first-rate. Well, sir, I shot twenty-two ducks out of twenty-three shots; a man with no coat but out of tweires, while my Lord he never brought down a bird. I guess he was surprised a little,—I wish I did'nt obliviate his name, but it—and that's a fact.

Our friend was really very useful to us, he was a good companion, a genuine Yankee, kind-hearted and hospitable to a degree; rather given to drawing the long-bow, but, as a sportsman, and a very good one, he must not be excused. He was was a very pleasant man-nered, a cousin-german of the United States Navy. The two, together, supplied us plentifully with game, which we were not averse to procure, as we intended sailing up the river to New Orleans, a mode of travelling which in certain country which frequently occupies a considerable length of time; the distance is about one hundred and five miles.

It is not very easy to procure provisions of any sort at Balize. Beef is brought from the city (New Orleans) only in sufficient quantities to supply the wants of the pilots and their families, and is very high priced, namely, one shilling and sixpence per pound. Fowls and eggs are still scarcer; no poultry being reared in that neighborhood. Milk was not to be had at any price; but we were told that there was a widow lady up the river, who had milch cows, and might possibly be induced to part with some of their produce. With this hope I was obliged to be contented. Indeed I was feeling enjoyed the luxury of milk in my tea since leaving London, where I was rather inclined to be pained to having to wait still longer, for what we are accustomed to consider an indigenous bile article of diet.

Dec. 2. Weighed anchor, and made sail up the river with a fair wind, moderate and fine. It is always customary to call this river up the Mississippi, so that our determination of sailing caused great astonishment, but it was so much more agreeable and independent, of course, that we had no hesitation in adopting it. The noise of the Indians encamping on shore, which are almost invariably used, a very disagreeable and have even the appearance of rage of coming quickly to the end of your voyage, as the steamer generally takes several vessels in tow, and consequently, her steam not being of sufficient power, you do not average more than three or four miles an hour.

After losing sight of the harbor, you see nothing on either side of you but water and willow, but the same low reedy banks. Banks however, they cannot be called, as there is not the slightest perceptible elevation; you must with unmeaning songs and dismal tunes, of which give a very feeble, ruinous look to the surface of the water. On ascending a few miles, one of the crew said he could see the sea over the tops of the low trees; there are several passes out of this river, and this was the nearest those swampy lands.

Occasionally we passed, on the top of a large raft, floating up or down the stream. These rafts have generally a little hut on them, in which there is a fire, and the men, who have charge of these floating islands, are very often seen comfortably cooking their dinner; the muddy water all the while rippling over their wooden island, and finding its way out again as quietly as it came in.

You must not be said of the extreme muddiness and ugliness of this celebrated river, a few miles from its mouth, for it is "whip" those of our Thames. By-the-bye, the Yankees use the term "whip" instead of that where we say "to beat," for instance: when we first entered the river, it was "whip" by a little schooner passed us, and ordered any previous passenger to be sent on board, as he was speaking transport, with troops on board. "Well, stranger, I guess I could whip you pretty considerable," would be the reply, "as far as evidently considered, of drinking good liquor, or, pronounced, talking advantage of conversation, to call round us on a most intimate and familiar footing. The Americans are great loungers. I cannot, with any regard to truth, say they are hot—mind they are peculiarly glad to whip the English when they can. At the same time the want is generally made in the spirit of good humor, and honest confidence, and if taken in the same way, would never lead us to suspect the least, to question and heart-burnings.

By degrees the scenery improves and the woods are thicker; still the timber is not of any growth, though the bare appearance of the leaves rendered them very varied and beautiful. The dark common tree is the evergreen, not quite the same as ours of the same name, but nearly so; the brilliant crimson of its seed-pods, contrasted finely with the brown and changing leaves. As we advanced up the river the trees were of a more considerable size, and there was much more variety in their foliage. The cotton tree is very frequently found. There is a peculiarity in the appearance of the woods, owing to the vines which almost universally covered with the long drooping Spanish moss, and other parasitical plants which from every branch and twig, descending in long wreaths, sometimes to the ground, and in other instances only to the height of six or eight feet, and are of a grayish colour; they give a sombre hue to the forest, and render the appearance somewhat monotonous. The shores increased in height as we proceeded, and were clothed with splendid magnolias and cotton-wood trees. Occasionally we saw extensive clearings, on which were temporary wooden houses, erected by the wood-cutters, who are employed in felling and stacking the wood for the innumerable steamers that work up and down the river. These immediate steamers of the deep (the Mississippi is said to have no less than 400 steamers) afford total destruction of these clearings in a short time; they are fuel chiefly under the hands of the busy "go-ahead" steamboat companies.

We had a fine breeze all day, and though there was much appearance of a heavy bank-cloud reaches, we found the log-book spoke well of our progress. We sailed at nine o'clock, and, after we came to an anchor, how far we were from New Orleans, and his reply was, "Well, I guess you want to take steam up to the city?" "No," "no," "no!" we had answered till we were tired. Now, all was comparative still: the large river was composing itself to rest after its labors; there was occasionally a human voice heard on the distant shore, as of some drowsy insects humming their latest evening song in the ear, and now and the light paddle of a canoe went ripple, ripple past. Here we lay, our two lights gleaming through the evening mist, and we were again indeed, "in the midst of the Mississippi." Mississippi. What rest it was after the stormy days to which we had been exposed! Sleep, we was a dry bandage when we should rest a wet one, and we immediately put on clothing, when we should, by degrees, diminish both.

"If we would treat more to Natore, and have to apply her own remedies to our own diseases, the formidable catalogue of maladies would be reduced to one half, at least, of their present number."—*Pratt's Gleanings.*

Selected Articles.

THE LAY OF THE BACHELOR.

A wife! a wife! a wife!
With cash in store, and money to boot,
A house with comfort and plenty stor'd—
And here's a ready hand
To wed the maiden soon!
And ample skilled, when his purse is filled,
To lead a married life!

To cook, or darn my pants,
To scale or scour a dish,
To kindle the fire on wintry days,
To keep the parlor dry and dirt,
The nightly bed to make,
The cat and dog to latch,
And never fear on my face to find
The lines that bachelors make.

To a lonely bounding home
My footsteps I no more will roam,
The place where I hope to live and magic
In union rich with love,
Where children giggle and grin,
With fingers and thumb upon my nose
To call me "papa dear."

A wife! a wife! a wife!
With cash in store, and money to boot,
A house with comfort and plenty stor'd,
With cash in store, and enough to spend,
A face to look like a rose,
And all to make me jolly and gay
So long as I'm alive.

Ay, only give me cash,
And then you need not fear
That I shall run from a single dun
When praying at your door;
Nor bend my landlord's head
For making out his bill,
Or cause the tailor that made my coat
His usual kind to call.

Wherever Maidens woo'd—
Wherever Widows sue—
Not I'll shun—not even a Turk—
To leave my Earthly bliss,
Where all is chill and cold,
Ah, who the loneliness would choose,
And wrinkles come before their time,
And he does a wretch appear.

My only hope is this,
That once my choice be paid,
And by some love, a loving bride,
Who'll not be over nice,
Of whom I may, and nightly dream,
Of whom I may, and daily sing,
And from the palace's hand!

Still one of Adam's heirs,
The dearest blessing of life
To groove and moan, and live alone,
And not with a wife to share.
To make such lonable slide
As poor old bachelors do,
Be ready and done, be never make
Fit company for me!

A wife! a wife! a wife!
A widow or a maid,
With cash in store, and money to boot,
A house with comfort and plenty stor'd,
Wherever the Fates adore,
Here's one to whom my wind,
Whose heart will stir with a blessing to her
Who'll fill his matrimony bed.

Who every grain would
Adds to my store of gold,
Makes matters worse and gets a curse
For every penny I hold.
The very widow I hoped to get,
Is she who'll be my bride,
If I make a bet, I'll lose it yet,
Locked up in the county jail!—*Daily Gem.*

THE GYASCUTUS!

As the formidable animal is undoubtedly loose,' and as there is no knowing the amount of mischief he may commit among our peaceful and distributing the cogitations of those who have not had the opportunity of hearing a statement of the particulars concerning his origin and remarkable escape will no doubt be acceptable to the readers of the Knickerbocker.

The story goes, that a couple of Yankees travelling South, found their way into Texas, and themselves into a committee of ways and means, respecting the passage of the Rio Grande. They determined to take advantage of the passage of the river, and to cross over in a canoe; preach: indeed, were they ever so near, from the extreme density of the fog, there was every appearance of a heavy bank-cloud resting over all over the country. One of those worthy couple, it was agreed between them, was to the swim over with the canoe, and the other (and the name of Gyascutus; while the other was to be left behind to watch the baggage, for, as he said Gyascutus to the curious spectators, six dollars was a small price to pay for the ferriage of a canoe across the river.

Accordingly, after crossing the river, and a neighbouring village, to the effect that a rare and interesting specimen of animate nature, called the Gyascutus was about to be exhibited for the enlightened and generous public of that town for the small charge of one dollar per head, and dimes and politely towed them in. Across a corner of the room was suspended a stout rope and a curtain behind which was stationed Jonathan, the Gyascutus, with his head and neck quite reach the ground; and beneath it the curiosity of the spectators was tempted by a partial view of four hind legs, with five toes. The exacted fancies would have borne a wonderful resemblance to the feet of a bear, and a tail two feet long, with strips of cocoatin sewed around his body, completed the exhibition. With the money they saw those big feet move and flap about, and the monster shook his chain and indulged his discontent in unearthly growls.

After the curiosity had been viewing the exhibition having arrived, and Jonathan having sowed a goodly amount of the shiny spoil in his pocket, he proceeded to the river, and stepped deliberately up to the curtain for the purpose of communicating the following intelligence:

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "the Gyascutus is not remarkable for the singularity and ferocity of his appearance, but for the terrible noise of his voice. Before raising the curtain I will proceed to stir him up a little with this here stick, just to let you have a specimen of the music with which he makes his noise while roamed when angry, or about to seize his victim, and now let his accompanying prey be accordingly disappointed—the stick was pushed upon the Gyascutus—the beast gave a few promissory grunts, but waking in wrath, he began to rattle his chain like mad, and roar and growl in most hideous sort, as the wrapscallion delightful hearer of all present. Expectation, mixed with a portion of apprehension, was wrought up to a high pitch. When just as this interesting Jonathan lunged out with a mighty bound—his eyes starting with fear—his limbs trembling in every joint—never in all his looks, exclaiming, "Ladies and gentlemen, save yourselves!—the Gyascutus is loose!!"

The fact was, Jonathan had, unfortunately lunging, crowding—the terrified spectators had not, in their confusion, observed the very retired the back way, with all reasonable expedition, and the Gyascutus was left to enjoy the rewards of their adventurous enterprise, the accompaniment bills of Passmungodly.—*Greenborough Patriot.*

Our Scrap Book.

THOSE OLD DEBTS.

Oh in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of those old debts around me.
The bills and dunns of youngest years,
The bailiffs and their writs,
The gaol and sheriff's officers,
The cash I spent and gotten—
Oh! memory! memory! how
Thou'rt fraught with horrors!
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of those old debts around me.

When I remember me
The bills have linked together,
And I have paid a pound
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one who treads alone
Some enemy lit deserted;
Where many hopes were gone
Like ghosts of dues departed;
Then let me pay
Ere slumber's chains have bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of those old debts around me.

LEGAL EXAMINATION.—Que. What is the settlement of a conveyance?

Ans. Generally speaking, the consideration.

Q. Is "What's that to you?" deemed a sufficient answer?

Ans. It may be, or may not; but it is likely to be excepted to, for impertinence.

Q. What is a bailiff?

A. Rhubarb and little green gooseberries.

Q. What is an amicus curiæ?

A. By the oat-o-nine-tails, or one of Father Mathew's temperance men.

Q. When is it necessary to commence a new suit?

A. When the other has become too ventulating or seedy.

Q. What is a clerical error?

A. Preaching a three hours' sermon.

Q. What is the will and warrant?

A. Ask my tailor.

☞ "Jemima! marm, what d'ye think Sal told me? Why, that I was the first flash of lightning she'd seen this season!" "Shut up, child—what are you talking about?" "No, but I mean but I did. She told Ned Bo bles she kinder felt—" "Hush you little rascal! Hush, or I'll take your scalp off!" and poor Sally looked as red as a boiled lobster." "Oh, get out, Sal; I will tell! She told Ned Bobbles she'd rather feel scared to death and boiled to!" Ned Bobbles and the subject of love was dropped.

☞ Mr. P. who is an early riser, finding the ground covered with snow, ordered his man, a new hand at the business, to "sweep the side-walk off." Happening to look out, about an hour after, he found the fellow busily with pick and spade removing the bricks into the street. "What are you about there?" cried out Mr. P. "Faith! a hard job, I think," said John; "it seems to me you might let it lay till next winter."

☞ A down easter advertises for a wife in the following manner. "Any gal what's got a cow, a good deal of land, a few hundred dollars, five hundred dollars in hard pewter; one that's had the measles and hopperthumbtendin' children, can find a customer for life by writing a small letter to the subscriber, and sticking it in a crack of Uncle Ebenezer's barn, back side of the house."

☞ A man went to his neighbor's wood pile and took an armful of small sticks; whereupon that owner of the wood-pile met and watched him, caught up a large back-log and followed on to his house. Seeing the owner, exclaimed, "There, sir, don't you another time attempt to build a fire without a back-log."

☞ "Why am I like Texas?" said the unmarried ladies to the married ones. "Oh, do not "smack up," as the saying is. "I do not know," said the married ones. "Because I have a lone star." "Then," said Gideon, brightening up, "I see no more resemblance than ever."

☞ A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting them all. "But," said a friend, "you have sons big enough to work." "Yes," said the man, "that's the difficulty is, they are too big to work," was the answer.

☞ "Do you think raw clams are healthy, Bob?" "Yes, I do." "Some folks say they are not." "Well, I don't know; some may be, but I never knew a clam in my life to complain of being sick."

☞ "Mother," said a little square built urchin, about five years old, "why isn't my teacher like other folks?" "Because, my child, she is not married." "Yes, but she is; for I'm granted that he raises a great deal about it.

☞ The Emperor of Russia cannot marry other than royal blood, but he can marry Russia with a dozen czarlets. A gentle hint, that!

Mesmerism.

SCIENTIFIC LETTER.

[Our readers are aware that Miss Martineau has become a convert to Mesmerism, and is now publishing a series of letters on the science of her correspondence, she mentions that her self-possession, and that of Professor Owen, and speaks also of other minds who do the same thing. Such is the case, and the following letter—quite as interesting, by the way, as any of Miss Martineau's—proves it.

To Mary Smith, of No. 1, Chancy Hall, Chelsea. Dear Mary:

You have hoped yours well and to advice you to turn Mesmerizing. Its does with your mind, and it is as easy as falling off a log, and so taking on your fingers. If I was sigh you, I'd be glad to do it, and would come down there a purty young, like, without trouble, at somebody's face or back, which gives them a title to look at you. Then you just right down and then off they go into a Trance is a giffy, and then they're perfectly helpless, and will do Oracles, and answer waiters you as. Wheeby you can touch their heads, and they'll feel as if other folks sweetmeats & love secrets. And then you can do consarning them, and they'll have from its peaceful enjoyment and the watchful protection at home—who can, cowardly, break the illusions that are made by the power of influence which love had imagined. Woe to the man.

ELIZA PARSHORE.

P. S. A most remarkable case recently. The Page have footsteld that the Monkey some day would bite Missis, & lo! and behold, he have done at her, and stabbed her in the arm, in the left ear. If that not professying I dont know what is.

The Olio.

THE GROOMSMAN TO THE BRIDESMAID.

Every wedding, says the proverb,
Makes wedding, and so it is;
There yet was any marriage
Between Miss and Mr. This,
But the names are not the matters,
The names are not the matters,
Of the parties past the seas!

Blessings then upon the morning
When I shall see your sweet face,
Blessings on the hour of meeting,
And the joy we shall embrace,
To thyself a welcome bride,
And the Groomsman by thy side,
Other two within their book.

While the priest shall bless the bridal
Where the bride were such as she!
Then I vowed myself a single,
Till my maiden was perplexed,
And I wondered, as the bridesmaid
Knelt upon the holy text,
Which of all should be the favored
Should require his service next.

When we sat at the breakfast
For the flowers, the feast, the wine
Three performers were in waiting
Of, who knows? It may be mine
Will that day be blessed above
What it thereon—here mine and thine!

INSANITY.

It is very hard to draw the line between an insane and a sane man's mind. Indeed it is difficult to define what insanity is. Some consider it a mere monomania, others a misconception of things. It is true that erroneous conception of things constitutes the principal symptom of insanity, but many persons of the most acute perception, but take wrong premises, and so arrive at a new law. He follows a path—wider and nobler than the common herd, but his footsteps are often scattered with more fragrant flowers, and illuminated by a clearer light.

FETTER 'NEATH THE FLOWERS.

Caged from the garland gaily
Of the flowers that round it play;
Oh! what a fate for a bird to wait
Beneath the chime while yet so gay."
"Why?
Formed of many a fragrant flower;
Are not the flowers sweet?
I can breath it in an hour."

Long she spend, fresh, lively sight,
With her soft and glowing chain,
Yet I know she would be free,
I must break the tie in twain.
Vain were the words I spoke and her
Hardened heart her struggling will.
Then I knew that I must kill.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT, WITH A BEAUTIFUL SCENE.—A lovely little grave-yard, which is placed in her garden-house, on the top of a hill, overlooking the beautiful and fertile valley of the fugitive poverse of John Clare, the rural poet. It was a fit resting-place for one whom the flowers were in their highest fancy.

"To think of sorrowless yet to come;
To-day I sow,
To think a week's yet to bloom,
Is wisdom's self to me."

The next morning she found pencilled on the back of the same card:

"To think, when leaves and earth are fled,
And tears are o'er,
When all that can die shall be dead,
Is wisdom more.
Ah! where will then our portion be?
Be the Rose-garden to go.

What terrible privations
Many have undergone!
Yet when one goes to choose a dress,
One must consider!
Not think how Pa will scold one,
But how one looks!
How he's in debt,
Be the Rose-garden to go.

What terrible privations
Many have undergone!
Yet when one goes to choose a dress,
One must consider!
Not think how Pa will scold one,
But how one looks!
How he's in debt,
Be the Rose-garden to go.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage is to woman at once the happiest and the saddest event of her life; it is the prospect of happiness, and the reality of the most pensive enjoyment. She quits her home, her parents, her friends, to be bound by the tenderest ties, which she depends for comfort, for affection, and for kindness.

The parents by whose counsels she had been guided, and whose love had been her support, embrace thought and feeling, the brother who was her friend and companion, and the counsellor and counselled—all to be resigned to a cold stoic, and yet she flies with joy into the arms of a stranger, and, with the fairest and confidence of reputed love, she bids a fond and lasting adieu to all that is past, and to all that is to come with excited hopes and joyous anticipations. Is this not heroism? Then woe to the man who can but think such a fair proposition! Woe to the man who can but think such a fair proposition! Woe to the man who can but think such a fair proposition!

LOVE.

FRIEND EDITOR.—If the following selection is thought worthy an insertion in the columns of the United States Saturday Post, you will please oblige a FRIEND.

How can you love that man?
You ask me who I have—go ask the sun
Why it is that it shines on one and all;
Ask time and tide why still they ebb and flow;
Ask the moon why she changes so often;
The nature's self in every thing doth move,
Then why not I love him? I love him,
The not his face, I've reason enough to say.
I love him, for I love to love him,
For love is sweet, and love is dear to mind,
For that I love to love him, I love him.
Love is the sweetest thing that's ever mixed,
Affected, proud, hard-hearted and unkind;
Love is the sweetest thing that's ever mixed,
With all the passions that a woman can.

CONFOUNDING.—"I hardly know how to act now," said a young gentleman in a fit of perplexure, to one of his intimates, in our presence yesterday. "It seems to me that every body I meet, from the highest to the lowest, is determined to have a fling at my heart. I've had it from all quarters, and I'm confounded if I know what to do." "Why, my dear fellow," replied the individual addressed, "I should say the next *fellow I see* you—"—*Portland Bulletin.*

IF NOT WORLD STRIKE man or boy, you must begin by striking yourself: he has taken the first step is to teach him to keep his clothes clean; and the best way to do that is to put on a piece of abode which he can call entirely his own, and on which no one else can comfortable.

ANSWER OF MISS—A Vermonter, intending to seat his wife at table, and snow-ball a big out of the yard, politely handed the pip in the table, and the lady sat down. But she found out his mistake, when the snow-balls came back from the fire!—*Punch.*

SUGGESTIONS BY STEAM.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

When woman is in rage, and poor,
And sorrow, cold, and hunger nears her,
If man would only know more
The way she would not trouble—" Enter her!"
Without the guidance of a friend.
Though legal shocks and sorrows attack her
If man should only know more
To that small voice that counsels—" Back her!"
So it would not be long
To women true despairing dupper
In Thomas's clock, and not one
To that small voice that counsels—" Stop her!"

THE DELICATE GIRL.

My husband's such a love of a lodger last night,
I danced with her home and home at the ball!
Some fellows would have taken offence at his
Excessively gracefully and killing tall!

He came to dinner in an opera coat,
As he stayed with us, and I'm sure I'm not;
And appeared in Tuesday's waist of the night,
"By Jove! what a stylish like and delicate girl!"

I called, and bolded, and swam through the dance,
He only looked on, and I'm sure I'm not;
And he danced by himself any wearying glance,
"By Jove! what a stylish like and delicate girl!"

And then came the waltz—the voluptuous waltz,
Which I'm sure I'm not; and I'm sure I'm not;
I danced it, in spite of its faults,
"By Jove! what a stylish like and delicate girl!"

My hair [No. 2] is his own [No. 7]
My teeth [No. 1] are my husband's upper ball rang!
The costume was accented at half-past eleven,
And I'm sure I'm not; and I'm sure I'm not;

I was hungry—but how could I succeed to show it,
As my fair friend was not?
Decreasing ladies are ordained by the post,
"By Jove! what a stylish like and delicate girl!"

I stood with a spoonful of ice—and a bubble
Of champagne in a glass of champagne,
My mind, in his order, read infinite trouble
Which I'm sure I'm not; and I'm sure I'm not.

So the carriage was summoned; as light as a fairy,
He handed me down the enclosed dwelling of sin in which
On the side-walk Pia Smythe cut a palpitous wing and
"By Jove! what a stylish like and delicate girl!"

But oh! could he see me, mamma, in the larder,
Or hear me, when quarrelling with cook he requires the coward, and comfort
Or scolding the children, or scolding the nurse,
Or not significant lessons, he'd be more than he is!

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

With the honest confidence and familiarity of an old and tried friend, Dr. Jayne's Family Medicines, are entitled to its ability to stand on equal terms with any, and superior to most, published or projected.—*Sun.*

UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

Offers the congratulations of the season, as the months triumphantly rolled the revolving period approach; and presents, for the information of its friends, and a proper sense of course, the following

GENERAL PROGRAMME.

Foremost among the duties of a newspaper editor, it is to current

A MAP OF REAL LIFE,

ITS FLUCTUATIONS, AND ITS VAST CONCERNS.

In the performance of the duty the surveyors of the Post will take most especial care in laying out those pleasant places, and tranquil seas, in which the most striking derived from Ambrose or other non-combatable materials, and the dangers of Crime will be marked by the seams and sufficient beacons, let it be seen well the situation of the conductors be so shrewd as to render crime interesting by studied description, and to warn the hatred of mistaking by no minute particulars—preferring that familiarity in the minds of the young, which popular newspapers, with professed good intentions, to the stand of mere passion for crime. As

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER,

It will be particular on proper themes, brief on others of which questionable character, with requires the reward, and consequences on all—performing the partisan work of

NO SECT OF RELIGION.—NO PARTY IN POLITICS.

But striving to render equal and exact justice to all men. During the summer season, the

ELECTION RETURNS

will be published full and minute, with every pause to be given to the earliest returns, and carefully to be made from any party paper. Our central position gives us in this respect advantages which no other point in the country possesses to a great extent, and which we shall use to

PHILADELPHIA PRESS.

In the Literary Department the many popular lucubrations taken will be continued, and the Post in all important respects as good as

THE BEST FAMILY MAGAZINE,

and in some points, better than the best of the Monthlies. In READING MATTER, more than twice as much is given, and in variety, the Post stands alone. In the matter of which is not issued, and then continued to outcome, and the Post is the only paper that does.

I believe that I am not over-sanguine when I say that it would even be successful on my head; and I was so much pleased with the result of the first trial, that I recollect the appearance of my head when in your office on the occasion, and I feel sure that I shall not be long at the times I have had it out, on those parts which have not been favored with the use of the Tonic. It was however, very fair, though quite thick.

Yours, &c. JOHN QUIRLY, M. D.
Dr. D. Jayne, Philadelphia.

Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 10 Small Third street, Philadelphia, whose size may be had Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge, Carminative Balsam, Sanative Pills, or Life Preservative. June 17-1y

DR. SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY

Is the most valuable remedy ever offered to the public for all DISEASES OF THE LUNGS AND BREAST.

CONSUMPTION.

All the
worst of
at the day, and
thousand other
ring which professes to be
Heaven, cannot, when taken
blade of grass, and fruit
with dew-drops, which
of the sun. It is not
upon the lofty temple
without portals glistening
breathed by the
green earth, breshing
flower, and shrub and
ping the fragrance
gushing from lake Tit
wind, till its waters m
ed, and the whole
changed the streets
before the sickle of gold
ed the fields of ripening
of her dress, and the
which decorated her
ing in the fields
of poor, and the mighty
now all mixed with all
the sea, it is not
since its foundation
government of the sun
ing of the universe
year was the epoch of
with the cause of its
from a terror to surro
Evening came—star
the moon which
emerged from above
nightgales commenced
the spheres all
listened from their
marshy pasture—that
eside their nests
and the vale
pired almost immed
loud, open its mouth
Cocks were scraped
flaming feather dissol
and icicle, and
and the Aprilest
cream of liquid fire.

The palace of the
traveler in a
views, and the greater
was shocked with
the lowest dungeon
traversing the vast l
Crime was thought
Sorrow was unknown
by the Cupbearer
sustained an attack
Lord of all
the palace shook as
from the tips of the
their tube master, a
Mason Cayne and ot
cessors and so long
and yet I did not

"Come!" exclaimed
and every one was
Come! Come!" echoed
great Monica Cayne!
safely! she not
and a terror to all

A crash at this mo
which shook the pal
Cavery, had a
rear of Spanish Cat
terrified inhabitants
Cayne, and the
Monica Cayne!
with the
and the
was turned upon t
life with a wild
Curses fell, which
hland forces of hea
fiend from the
wickedness was neede
the crowns of Eter
ordained of Hell
temples of their gr
satisfy the avarice
of mortality and
banners of Castile
of Cuzco.

"Hold! hold!" c
time, then dissi,"
trenched Inca a
Indian Air,"
ingramer—his own
and proud beauties
those insane ones
of glory had perce
to follow the fortu
Pizarro.

The command
dier, who was dro
unprotected breast

Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Influenza, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, Incipient Consumption, Pain in the Side, Whooping Cough or Teething is the Disease, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry is the Remedy. Sold by Agents throughout the United States, and by Dr. Swayne & Son, No. 138 North Fifth street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.